The love of Truth

MORAL REFLECTIONS

Sold by Jn°. Lamb Bookseller in Dublin
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Moral Reflections AND MAXIMS.

Written by the late Duke

De la Rochefoucauld.

Newly made ENGLISH from the *Paris* Edition.

LONDON printed, and *DUBLIN* re-printed for JOHN LAMB, Bookſeller, in *Winetavern ſtreet*, near *Chriſt-church*. MDCCXLVI.

SC 300A

Advertiſement.

THE Moral Reflections *of the late Duke* de la Rochefoucauld, *having appeared twice before in* Engliſh, *and that ſome Years ago, the Reader has no need to be informed of the Merit of the Work, or of its Author; what he is here particularly deſired to take notice of, is, That notwithſtanding the two former Tranſlations, this is really the firſt time that a Verſion has been made of this noble Writer from a* Genuine Edition; *That the Deſcription of* Self-love, *and the* Maxims *following, are added at the End, tho' they bear no other Mark of their being the Duke* de la Rochefoucauld's *than this, that they are printed in the* Paris *Edition: That*

of the Maxims, *there are here tranſlated but twenty nine, becauſe all the reſt, which make up the Number of fifty, in that Impreſſion, are but ſo many* repeated *out of the* Reflections; *and that, in fine, in the preſent Attempt, it has been carefully endeavoured to come up as near as the Tranſlator was capable of doing it, to the Turn of Thought and Manner of Expreſſion uſed in the Original.*

A DIS-

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DISCOURSE

UPON THE

Moral Reflections

AND

MAXIMS.

SIR,

WHETHER the *Moral Reflections* were written by Monſieur ***, I am not able for certain to inform you, tho' it muſt be confeſſed, the Style of them ſeems to bear a near Reſemblance of his. Common Reports are not, upon light Grounds to be credited Time alone will diſcover the Truth. This is all

the Anſwer I can make to your firſt Queſtion, and for the other, if you had not an extraordinary Influence over me. I ſhould never venture to give you my Opinion of them with ſo much Freedom, ſince ſeveral Perſons are prepoſſeſt againſt this Piece, and I am perhaps too much ſo in its Favour. Nevertheleſs, ſince you command me, I ſhall tell you my Thoughts of it, without pretending to ſet up for a Maker of Diſſertations, and without regarding, in the leaſt, the Perſon that is ſuppoſed to have written it. 'Tis eaſy to diſcover, at the firſt view, that this Piece was never deſigned to appear in the World, but was compoſed by a Perſon of Quality for his own Entertainment, without aſpiring to the Glory of being an Author. If it ſhould chance to be Monſieur ***'s, I can aſſure you his Wit, his Rank, and his Merit, advance him far above the Degree of ordinary Men, and that his Reputation is eſtabliſhed in the World by ſo many better Titles, that he has no Occaſion by writing Books to diſtinguiſh himſelf; in ſhort, if This is his, I am confident he will be no leſs concerned to underſtand that theſe *Reflections* are made publick, than he was when the *Memoirs*, which are attributed to him, were printed. But you know, Sir, how forward

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this Age is to publiſh every Thing that's new, eſpecially thoſe Things that go under ſuch Names as are ſure to recommend them, and how impoſſible it is to prevent this Practice, were one ever ſo much inclined to do it. There is nothing, Sir, more certain, than that Names alone ſet a Price upon Things with thoſe People who have not Judgment to know their real Value. The Value of theſe *Reflections* is known but to a very few Perſons, tho' a great many have pretended to give their Opinion of them. As for my Part, I do not pretend to have Delicacy and Ability enough to make a Criticiſm upon them, and to diſcover their Defects; I ſay, Delicacy and Ability, becauſe I am perſuaded that to undertake ſuch a Province, a Man ought to be Maſter both of the one and the other; and tho' I were able to flatter myſelf that I poſſeſt both theſe Qualities, I believe I ſhould find few Things in them to be either added or retrenched. And indeed there appears to me, throughout theſe *Reflections*, to be ſuch a Force and Penetration, ſuch bold and elevated Thoughts, ſuch a grand and noble Turn of Expreſſion, accompanied with a certain Air of Quality, as are not acquired by Study, and belong not to all that are Pretenders to Writing. I confeſs

there is not that Order and Regularity in them, as might be expected in a Work of long Thought and Labour, and that a Man of Learning, who enjoy'd a great deal of Leiſure, might have been able to have digeſted them into a better Method: But a Man that only writes for himſelf, and for his own Diverſion, who ſets down his Thoughts juſt as they come into his Head, does not affect ſo ſtrict an Obſervance of Rules, as he who makes a Profeſſion of Writing, and endeavours to gain a Reputation by his Pen. Yet has this Irregularity its Graces, and ſuch Graces too as Art cannot imitate. I don't know whether you are of my Taſte, but tho' I ſhould incur the Diſpleaſure of the learned Writers, I cannot forbear profeſſing to you, that I ſhall, as long as I live, prefer the negligent Style of a courtly well bred Man that has Wit, to the ſtiff and aukward Regularity of a great Scholar, that never ſaw any Thing but his Books. * *The more careleſs the Things appeared which he ſaid and did, and the more of a certain eaſy Negligence*

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* *Dictaque factaque ejus quanto Solutiora, & quandam ſui Negligentiam præferentia, tanto gratius in ſpeciem ſimplicitatis accipiebantur.* Tacit. Annal. Lib. XVI.

Negligence that they diſcovered, the more agreeably were they received, under the Air and Diſguiſe of an unaffected Simplicity. 'Tis from *Tacitus* I borrow this Paſſage, the *Latin* of which I have ſet down in the Margin, where, if you have a Mind, you may read it, being not very ſure whether you are fond of a Language which at preſent has but a ſmall Share in the Converſation of the genteel Part of the World, tho' I know you underſtand it perfectly well. 'Tis of one of the fineſt Wits of Antiquity whom that Author ſpeaks of, and whom, amongſt the few Favourites of the Prince, was choſen to be the ſovereign Judge of Politeneſs and Pleaſure in his Court. What remains of his Works, which are only ſome Fragments, diſcover how many Graces and Beauties the eaſy, natural, and, as it were, negligent Air in Speaking and Writing has; whereas that Exactneſs that is ſo labour'd and ſtudy'd, has always ſomething in it that is conſtrained, cold, dry and languid; there never being found in the Works of thoſe People that are ſuch Slaves to Rules, thoſe lively, vigorous, ſtrong and ſublime Beauties, the happy Talent of writing eaſily and nobly.

Thus have I told you my Sentiments of this Work in general: But I plainly perceive

ceive this is not enough to content you, and that you expect I ſhould anſwer more particularly the Objections which have been made to you againſt it. The firſt, as I think, is this; *That theſe Reflections deſtroy all the Virtues.* To which this may be replied, That the Author's Intention appears far from any Inclination to deſtroy them; all that he pretends to, is to ſhew, that there is hardly any ſuch Thing as perfect Virtue in the World, and that in the greateſt Part of our Actions there is a Mixture of Error and Truth, of Perfection and Imperfection, of Vice and Virtue: He conſiders the Heart of Man as he is corrupted, attacked by Pride, ſeduced by Self-love, and encompaſſed with ill Examples; like the * Commander of a Town beſieged, who, for want of Silver, makes Money of Leather and Paſtboard: This Money has the Figure of the Good, is put off for the ſame Value, but it is only Miſery and Neceſſity that makes it paſs current with the Beſieged. In the ſame manner, the greateſt Part of human Actions, which the World takes for Virtues, are very often nothing but the Image and Reſemblance of Virtues; the Actions, nevertheleſs

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* *Epictet. apud Arrian.*

theleſs, are not without their Merit, and are worthy in ſome ſort of our Eſteem; it being difficult, as Man is conſtituted, to have any better. But ſuppoſing it true, that the Author of the *Reflections* believed there was no Virtue real in Man, conſidering him purely in a State of Nature, would he be the firſt Perſon that ever was of that Opinion? If I were not afraid you would think I affected to appear a great Scholar, I could quote to you ſome grave Authors, and even Fathers of the Church and great Saints, that were of Opinion, that Self-love and Pride were the very Soul of the nobleſt Actions of the *Pagans*. I could ſhew you how ſome of them have not even excepted out of this Number the Chaſtity of *Lucretia*, whom all the World believed really virtuous, till ſuch time as they had diſcovered the Falſity of that Virtue, which had acquir'd the Admiration of ſo many Ages. Can you think, Sir, that *Seneca*, who ſets his * wiſe Man on the ſame Level with the Gods, was truly wiſe himſelf, and that he was really perſuaded of

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* *Jovem plus non poſſe quam bonum virum.* Senec. Epiſt. LXXXIII. *Deus non vincit ſapientem Fælicitate, etiam ſi vincit ætate.* Senec. ibid.

of what he endeavoured to perſuade others?
As great a Power as his Pride had over him, he could not but confeſs, † *That he had never ſeen in the World an Example of the Idea he had propoſed: That it was impoſſible amongſt Men to find ſo compleat a Virtue, and that the moſt perfect Perſon amongſt them, was he that had the feweſt Defects.* He acknowledges, † *That* Socrates *may be reproached with having had ſome ſuſpicious Friendſhips*; Plato *and* Ariſtotle *with having been covetous*; Epicurus *with having been prodigal and voluptuous*; but at the ſame time cries out, *That we ſhould be but too happy could we attain to the Imitation of their Vices.*

This Philoſopher would have been in the right to have ſaid as much of his own Vices, for no Man could be over unhappy in whoſe Power it was, like him, to enjoy all

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* *Ubi enim illum invenies quem tot ſæculis querimus Sapientem, pro optimo eſt minime malus.* Senec. de Tranq.

† *Objicete Platoni quod petierit pecuniam, Ariſtoteli quod acceperit, Epicuro quod conſumpſerit Socrati Alcibiadem & Phædrum objectate. O vos uſu Maxime fælices, cum primum vobis imitari vitia noſtra contigerit.* Senec. de Vit. Beat.

all manner of Wealth, Honour and Pleaſure, under the Affectation of deſpiſing them; it was agreeable enough to moralize, while at the ſame time he ſaw himſelf † Maſter of the Empire and Emperor, and favourite Gallant to the Empreſs; poſſeſt of ſumptuous Palaces, delicious Gardens, and in full Eaſe, to preach up Moderation and Poverty in the midſt of Opulence and Riches. This is what he confeſſes himſelf in * his Speech to *Nero*, who began to entertain a Suſpicion of his vaſt Treaſures and Greatneſs; and he is ſo perplexed in his Excuſes, that that Emperor could not forbear to laugh at him, as it appears by his Anſwer. Do you imagine, Sir, that this Stoick, who in this manner counterfeited the Maſtery of his Paſſions, had any other Virtue than that of concealing his Vices, and that when he ordered his Veins to be opened, he did not more than once repent he had left his Pupil the Power of putting him

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† *Senecam adoriuntur, tanquam ingentes, & ſupra privatum modum evectas opes adhuc augeret; quodque Studia civium in ſe verteret; hortorum quoq; amœnitate, & villarum magnificentia quaſi principem ſupergrederetur.* Tacit Ann. Lib. XIV.

* *Tacit. Ann. Lib.* XIV.

him to Death? View but a little nearer the falſe Bravery of this Man, and you will ſee, that in making all theſe fine Reaſonings on the Immortality of the Soul, he ſought only to drive out of his Head the Fear of Death; he muſters up all his Forces to put a good Face on the Matter; he bites his Tongue, for fear he ſhould own that Pain was an Evil; he pretends, that Reaſon is able to render a Man * impaſſable, and inſtead of humbling his Pride raiſes him above the Divinity. He would have much more obliged us, frankly to have confeſt the Weakneſs and Corruption of the human Paſſions, than to have taken ſo much Pains to impoſe on us. The Author of the *Reflections* has purſued a different Courſe; he expoſes to view all the Miſeries of Man; but 'tis of Man abandoned to his own Conduct that he ſpeaks, and not of Man enlightened by the Knowledge of Chriſtianity, and ſupported by the Aſſiſtance of Divine Grace: He ſhews how, in ſpight of the Efforts of Reaſon, Pride and Self-love do never fail to lurk in the ſecret Receſſes of the Heart of Man, to exiſt

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* *Sapientem ſi in Phalaridis tauro peruratur, exclamaturum dulce eſt, & ad me nil attinet.* Epic. *apud* Senec.

exiſt there, and to preſerve Strength enough to diffuſe their Venom thro' the greateſt Part of its Motions and Inclinations.

The ſecond Objection that has been made to you, and which bears a great Affinity with the former, is, that *The* Reflections *paſs in the World for the Subtilties of a cenſorious Perſon, who puts an ill Conſtruction upon the moſt indifferent Actions.* You tell me, that ſome of your Friends have aſſured you with all Sincerity, that they know, from their own Experience, that Men ſometimes do Good without any other view than that of Good; and often even without any view at all, either of Good or Ill, but thro' a natural Integrity of Heart, inclining them to what is good, without thinking on it.

I wiſh it were permitted me to believe theſe Gentlemen upon their Word, and that it were true, that the Motions of human Nature were of themſelves perfect, and that all our Inclinations were naturally virtuous. But then, Sir, how ſhall we reconcile the Teſtimony of your Friends with the Sentiments of the Fathers of the Church, who have aſſured us, *That all our Virtues, without the Aſſiſtance of Grace, were but Vices diſguiſed; that our Will was born blind: that its Conduct was ſtill more blind,*

blind, and that it was not to be wondered at, if in the midſt of ſo much Blindneſs, Man was in a State of continual wandering. In other Places they have expreſt themſelves in a higher Strain; for they have told us, that in ſuch a Condition, *The Prudence of Man never exerciſed itſelf on what was future, nor reſolved on any thing but with a regard to Pride; that his Temperance moderated no other Exceſſes, than thoſe which his Pride had condemned before; that his Conſtancy ſupported itſelf no farther in Afflictions, than it was ſupported by Pride; and, in ſhort, that all his Virtues with that external Pomp of Merit, which made them admired, had no other Aim, than that very Admiration, the Love of Vain glory and the Sentiments of Pride.* A World of Authorities upon this Opinion are to be met with; but if I ſhould go about to quote them regularly, I might engage myſelf perhaps in ſome Things that would not be to your Taſte.

Happy, and thrice happy, the Men endowed with that lively Faith, and ſupported by that Divine Grace, which correct all the irregular Inclinations of Self love! If God has beſtowed ſuch extraordinary Favours on your Friends, if he has already ſanctified them in this World, I ſubſcribe with all my Heart to their Sanctification, and

and aſſure them, that the *Moral Reflections* do not in the leaſt concern them. And indeed, there is no ground to imagine that the Perſon who writ them had any Aim at the Virtue of the Saints; ſince, as I told you before, he applies himſelf only to Man, as corrupted, and, as ſuch, maintains, that he does almoſt always commit Evil, when his Self-love flatters him that he is doing Good; and that he often is miſtaken when he is deſirous to make a Judgment of himſelf; becauſe Nature acts in him by ſecret Springs. that are unknown to him. In this unhappy State, in which Pride is the Original of all his Inclinations, the Saints are the firſt to complain of the Corruption of Nature, and ſpeak of it in more vilifying Terms than the Author of the *Reflections* does. If ſome time or other you ſhould have a Fancy to peruſe the Paſſages, which I have obſerved in their Writings upon this Subject, you will be entirely convinced of this Truth; but thoſe Paſſages are too long, and too numerous to be here tranſcribed.

Montagne, whom I make ſome Scruple of quoting to you, after the Fathers of the Church, ſays in his Manner, and happily enough upon the ſame Subject, *That his Soul has two different Faces; that in vain ſhe looks back on herſelf, for ſhe only perceives the*

the Face that Self-love has diſguiſed, while the other is expos'd to thoſe that are not concerned in the Maſquerade. If I durſt improve upon ſo bold a Metaphor, I would ſay. that the Soul of Man corrupted, is made like thoſe Medals which repreſent the Figure of a Saint, and that of a Devil in a ſingle Face, and by the ſame Strokes. 'Tis nothing but the different Poſition of thoſe that look on it, that changes the Object; one Perſon ſees the Saint, and the other ſees the Devil. Theſe Compariſons ſufficiently make us comprehend, how that when Self-love has ſeduced the Heart, Pride does ſo effectually blind the Reaſon, and diffuſes ſo great a Miſt over all its Faculties, that it is not able to make a right Judgment of the leaſt of our Inclinations, nor form to itſelf any certain Rules for our Conduct. * *Men*, ſays *Horace*, *in this*

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* —— *Velut Silvis, ubi paſſim*
Palantes error certo de tramite pellit;
Ille ſiniſtrorſum, hic dextrorſum abit; unus utrique
Error, ſed variis illudit partibus.
Hor Serm l. 2. Sat. 3.
The World's a Wood, in which all loſe their Way,
Tho' by a different Path they go aſtray.

this World are like a Company of Travellers, whom Night has ſurpriz'd as they are paſſing thro' a Foreſt; they march on, relying on the Honeſty of a Guide, who miſleads them: One goes to the Right Hand, another to the Left, they all take ſeveral Paths, and each believes his to be the right one; the more he believes ſo, the farther he is out of the way; but tho' they all wander differently from each other, yet is the Cauſe the ſame; 'tis the Guide that deceived them, and the Night that prevents them from rectifying their Miſtake. Is it poſſible, in more lively Colours, to paint the Blindneſs and Inquietudes of Man abandoned to his own Conduct, who hearkens to nothing but the Counſel of his Pride, who thinks he is going on naturally in a direct Courſe to what is good, and who always fancies that the laſt Object he is in queſt of is the beſt? Is it not certain, that at the Inſtant when he flatters himſelf he is doing ſome virtuous Action, 'tis then he is moſt dangerouſly miſled by his own Heart? There is ſo great a Number of Wheels which compoſe the Movement of this Machine, and the firſt Cauſe is ſo concealed, that tho' we ſee what Hour the Hand points to, yet we do not know which Spring it is that carries it round the whole Circle of the Dial-plate.

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The third Objection, which I am to anſwer, is, *That abundance of Perſons complain of great Obſcurity in the Senſe, and in the Expreſſion of theſe* Reflections Obſcurity as you know very well, Sir, is not always an Author's Fault. *Reflections*, or if you pleaſe *Maxims and Sentences*, as the World are pleaſed to call theſe, ought ever to be writ in a cloſe Stile, which permits not a Man to give all that Perſpicuity to Things that might be deſired; they are the firſt Strokes of a Picture, in which a judicious Eye with eaſe remarks the Niceneſs of the Art, and the Beauty of the Painter's Deſign; but this Beauty is not underſtood by all the World, for tho' in theſe firſt Strokes the Colouring be wanting, yet are they not for all that leſs maſterly drawn. For this Reaſon it is that the Reader ought to take time to penetrate into the full Senſe and Force of the Words, and in his Mind to run over the whole Extent of their Signification, before he proceeds to Judgment

The fourth Objection, I think, is, *That theſe* Maxims *are almoſt every where too general*; and you have been told, *That it is a Piece of injuſtice, to extend to all Mankind the Defects that only belong to ſome particular Men.* Beſides, what you intimate to me of the different Sentiments of your

Friends

Friends upon this Subject, I am ſenſible of what is commonly objected againſt thoſe Perſons who take upon them to diſcover and condemn Vices. Their Cenſure is looked on to be the Painter's own Picture, and they are taxed with being like thoſe People that are troubled with the Yellow Jaundice, to whom every Thing appears yellow, becauſe they are ſo themſelves. Now, if it were true, that a Man cannot cenſure the Corruption of the Heart in general, without feeling more of it in himſelf than another does, it muſt alſo be granted, that thoſe Sages of *Greece*, whoſe Apophthegms are delivered down to us by *Diogenes Laertius*, were the moſt corrupt Men of their Age; the Memory of *Cato* muſt be arraigned by the ſame Rule, and he muſt be believed to be the moſt profligate Perſon in the *Roman* Commonwealth, becauſe he cenſured the Vices of *Rome*. If this is the Caſe, Sir, I conceive that the Author of the *Reflections*, whoever he is, has no Cauſe to complain of the ill Nature of the Perſons that ſhall condemn him, ſince (the Buſineſs of Religion excepted) he will ſcarce be taken for a better or a wiſer Man than *Cato*. As for what regards his Terms, which are thought too general, I have this to ſay farther, that it is a difficult matter in Sentences

ces, ſuch as theſe, to avoid them without robbing them of all their Salt, and all their Spirit. Nor is this all, for common Converſation teaches us, when general Expreſſions are uſed, to take them in a limitted Senſe, and that without any body's interpoſing to inſtruct us: As for Example, when we hear it ſaid, *The whole Town went to meet the the King, the whole Court is overjoyed*, every one knows that theſe ſorts of Expreſſions only denote the greateſt Part. If you are of Opinion, that theſe Reaſons are not ſufficient to ſtop the Mouths of the Criticks, let us add this, that when Gentlemen are ſo eaſily ſcandaliz'd at the Terms of a general Cenſure, 'tis becauſe perhaps it touches them too ſenſibly, and comes too home upon them.

Nevertheleſs this is certain, that both you and I are acquainted with a great many Perſons, who are not in the leaſt ſcandaliz'd at the *Reflections*, I mean, thoſe who have an Averſion for Hypocriſy, and who ingenuouſly confeſs what they feel in themſelves and what they obſerve in others. Tho' few People are capable of thinking aright in this Caſe, or are willing to give themſelves the Trouble to do it, and if by Chance they do, 'tis never without Self-flattery. Be pleaſed to remember the Expreſſion

preſſion of *Terence*: † *I am a Man, and pretend not to be exempt from the Defects inherent to human Nature.*

In this manner, Sir, it is that we ſhould ſpeak, and inſtead of being angry with the Glaſs that ſhews us our Defects, inſtead of taking it ill from the Perſons who diſcover them to us, ought we not rather to make Uſe of the Lights they give us to detect our Self love and Pride, and to ſecure ourſelves againſt the continual Attempts they make upon our Reaſon? Can we ever expreſs Horror and Deteſtation enough to thoſe two Vices which were the fatal Cauſes of the Revolt of our firſt Parent? Can we too much decry thoſe unhappy Sources from whence aroſe all the Miſeries of Mankind?

Let others think as they pleaſe of the *Moral Reflections*, for my part I look upon them to be an ingenious Draught or Deſign of all the little Tricks and Grimaces of the pretended Sage and Philoſopher, and fancy in every Stroke I ſee the *Love of Truth* repreſented, pulling off his Maſque, and ſhewing him juſt ſuch as he is. In ſhort, I conſider theſe *Maxims* as the Inſtructions of a great Maſter, perfectly well verſed in the

† *Homo ſum, humani nihil a me Alienum.* *Heautors.* Act 1. Sc. 2. Terent.

the Art of knowing Men, who admirably unfolds all the Parts they play upon the Theatre of this World, and who not only makes us take Notice of the different Characters of the Actors that appear upon the Stage, but lifting up a Corner of the Curtain, makes us obſerve, the Lover and the King in the Tragedy, are the very ſame Perſons that act the Doctor and the Buffoon in the Farce. I muſt confeſs to you, I have not read any thing in this Age that has given me a greater Contempt for Man, or made me more aſhamed of my own Vanity. I fancy. as often as I open the Book, I find ſomething that reſembles the ſecret Motions of my Heart. I enquire into myſelf, to examine whether the Author ſpeaks the Truth, and I find generally, that both of myſelf and others, he ſpeaks more than we are willing he ſhould, and ſometimes more than I ever imagined. At firſt I am ſomething angry at him, and ſometimes bluſh to ſee how exactly he has divined; but I perceive the more I read him, that if I do not learn to become more wiſe, I learn at leaſt to know that I am not ſo; I learn, in fine, by the Opinion he gives me of myſelf, not fooliſhly to fall into the Admiration of all thoſe glaring Virtues that dazzle us. Hypocrites paſs their Time but ſcurvily, in reading a Book

of

of this Character. Take heed then, Sir, of thoſe who ſpeak ill of it, and be aſſur'd that the true Reaſon why they do ſo, is, becauſe they are enraged to ſee thoſe Myſteries revealed, which they would ſo gladly conceal, if they could, all their Days, both from others and themſelves.

But I perceive, while I only intended to write you a Letter, I am inſenſibly engaged in a long Diſcourſe, call it which you pleaſe, Diſcourſe or Letter, it ſignifies not much, provided it is ſo fortunate as to undeceive you in the ill Opinion that had been given you of the *Reflections*, and that you do me the Honour to believe me,

SIR,

Yours, &c.

Moral Reflections.

OUR Virtues, moſt commonly, are but Vices diſguiſed.

1.

WHAT we take for Virtues, is commonly nothing elſe but the Concurrence of ſeveral Actions and ſeveral Intereſts, which either Fortune or our own Induſtry contrives to diſpoſe to Advantage; and it is not always from a Principle of Valour that Men are valiant, or from a Principle of Chaſtity that Women are chaſte.

2.

Self-love is of all Flatterers the greateſt.

3.

For all the Diſcoveries that have been made into the Land of Self-love, there ſtill remains a large *Terra Incognita*.

4. Self-

4.

Self love is more ſubtle than the moſt ſubtle Man in the World.

5.

The Duration of our Paſſions no more depends on us than the Duration of our Lives.

6.

Paſſion often makes a Man of Senſe mad; and often makes a Fool ſenſible;

7.

Thoſe great and ſhining Actions, whoſe Luſtre even dazzles us, are repreſented by the Politicians as the Effects of great Deſigns; whereas, for the moſt part, they are indeed the Effects of Humour and Paſſion: Thus the War between *Auguſtus* and *Antony*, which is attributed to the Ambition each had of making himſelf Maſter of the World, was perhaps nothing but the Effect of Jealouſy.

8. The

8.

The Paſſions are the only Orators that are always ſure to perſuade: They are, as it were, Nature's Art of Eloquence, the Rules of which are infallible; and the plaineſt Man with Paſſion, perſuades more than the moſt eloquent without it.

9.

There is ſuch an inherent Injuſtice and Self-intereſt in the Paſſions, that it is dangerous to follow them, and they are moſt to be diſtruſted, even when they appear to be moſt reaſonable.

10.

There is in the Heart of Man a perpetual Succeſſion of Paſſions, inſomuch, that the Ruin of one is almoſt always the Riſe of another.

11.

The Paſſions often beget other Paſſions of a quite contrary Nature: Avarice ſometimes produces Prodigality, and Prodigality Avarice: Weakneſs often makes a Man reſolute, and Fear bold.

12.

For all the Care we take to conceal our Paſſions under the Veil of Religion and Honour, they always appear thro' the Diſguiſe.

13.

Our Self love bears more impatiently the Condemnation of our Inclinations than of our Opinions.

14.

Men are not only apt to forget Kindneſſes and Injuries, but even to hate thoſe who have obliged them, and to ceaſe to hate thoſe who have uſed them ill. The Trouble of returning Favours and revenging Wrongs, ſeems a Slavery to them, which they don't eaſily ſubmit to.

15.

The Clemency of Princes is often nothing but a Piece of Policy, to gain the Affections of their Subjects.

16.

That Clemency which is cry'd up as a Virtue, is practiſed ſometimes out of Vanity

nity, ſometimes out of Lazineſs, often out of Fear, and almoſt always out of a Mixture of all three together.

17.

The Moderation of Perſons in Proſperity proceeds from the Calm that good Fortune gives to their Humour and Temper.

18.

Moderation is a fear of falling into that Envy and Contempt, which thoſe deſerve that are intoxicated with their good Fortune: 'Tis a vain Oſtentation of the Force of our Mind: And, in ſhort, the Moderation of Men in their moſt exalted Condition, is a Deſire of appearing greater than their Fortune.

19.

We have all of us Strength enough to bear the Misfortunes of other People.

20.

TheConſtancy of the Wiſe is no more than the Art of confining their Troubles to their own Breaſts.

21. Cri-

21.

Criminals, when led to Execution, affect ſometimes a Conſtancy and a Contempt of Death, which, in truth, is nothing but a Fear to look it in the Face: So that this Conſtancy and this Contempt may be ſaid to be to their Mind, what the Handkerchief is to their Eyes.

22.

Philoſophy makes nothing to triumph over paſt and future Evils, but the preſent triumph over that.

23.

Few People are acquainted with Death: They generally ſubmit to it, not out of Reſolution, but Inſenſibility and Cuſtom; and the greateſt part of Men die, only becauſe they can't avoid dying.

24.

When great Men are dejected with the Length of their Misfortunes, they diſcover that it was the Force of their Ambition, and not of their Soul, that ſuſtained them; and that, bating a great Vanity, Heroes are made juſt like other Men.

25. Greater

25.

Greater Virtues are required to bear a good Fortune than an ill one.

26.

The Sun and Death are two Things that cannot ſteadily be looked on.

27.

Men are often vain even of the moſt criminal Paſſions; but Envy is a cowardly and ſhameful Paſſion, which no body ever dares to own.

28.

Jealouſy is in ſome ſort juſt and reaſonable, ſince it only tends to preſerve a Good which belongs to us, or which we believe does belong to us; whereas Envy is a Madneſs that cannot bear the Good of others.

29.

The Ill we do expoſes us, not ſo much to Perſecution and Hatred as our good Qualities.

30. We

30.

We have more Power than Will; and it is often to excuſe ourſelves to ourſelves, that we fancy Things impoſſible to be effected.

31.

If we had no Defects of our own, we ſhould not take ſo much pleaſure, as we do, to remark Defects in others.

32.

Jealouſy is fed by Doubts, and either becomes Madneſs, or ceaſes, as ſoon as Doubt is turned into Certainty.

33.

Pride always indemnifies itſelf one way or other, and loſes nothing, even when it renounces Vanity.

34.

If we were not proud ourſelves, we ſhould not complain of the Pride of others.

35.

Pride is equal in all Men, and the Difference is only in the Means and the Manner of ſhewing it.

36. Nature

36.

Nature, who ſo wiſely has fitted the Organs of our Body to make us happy, ſeems likewiſe to have beſtowed Pride on us, on purpoſe, as it were, to ſave us the Pain of knowing our Imperfections.

37.

Pride has a greater Share than good Nature, in our reprehending People for their Faults; and we reprove them not ſo much to amend them, as to make them believe we are free from thoſe Faults ourſelves.

38.

We make Promiſes according to our Hopes, and keep them according to our Fears.

39.

Intereſt ſpeaks all ſorts of Languages, and acts all ſorts of Parts, even that of the diſintereſted Perſon.

40.

Intereſt, which blinds ſome People, enlightens others.

41. The

41.

The Men that apply themſelves too much to little Things, commonly become incapable of great.

42.

We have not Strength enough to follow all the Dictates of our Reaſon.

43.

Man often fancies he governs himſelf when he is governed: And while he with his Underſtanding aims at one Mark, his Affections inſenſibly carry him off to another.

44.

Strength and Weakneſs of Mind are improper Terms; they are, in Reality, nothing but the good or ill Diſpoſition of the Organs of our Body.

45.

The Caprice of our Humour is more fantaſtical even than that of Fortune.

46. The

46.

The Fondneſs or Indifference which the Philoſophers had for Life, was nothing but a Reliſh of Self-love, which ought no more to be diſputed than the Reliſh of the Palate, or the Choice of Colours.

47.

'Tis our Humour which ſets the Price on all the Things which we receive from Fortune.

48.

Happineſs is in the Taſte, and not in the Things; and it is a Man's having that which he loves that makes him happy, and not what others think lovely.

49.

We are never ſo happy, or unhappy, as we imagine.

50.

Thoſe who are conceited of their Merit, take a Pride in being unhappy, that they may make others and themſelves believe, they are worthy to be the Mark of Fortune.

51.

Nothing ought ſo much to leſſen the Satisfaction we take in ourſelves, as to ſee that we diſapprove at one Time what we approved at another.

52.

Whatever Difference there may appear to be in Mens Fortunes, there is ſtill a certain Compenſation of Good and Ill in all, that makes them equal.

53.

Let Nature give never ſo many Advantages, 'tis not ſhe alone, but Fortune in Conjunction with her that makes a Heroe.

54.

The Contempt of Riches was in the Phiſophers a ſecret Deſire to revenge on Fortune the Injuſtice ſhe had done to their Merit, by deſpiſing thoſe Goods which ſhe had denied them: 'Twas an Art to ſecure themſelves from the Diſgrace of Poverty; 'twas a By way to arrive at Eſteem, which they could not come at by the ordinary one of Riches.

55.

Our Hatred for Favourites is nothing but our Love of Favour: The Indignation we conceive at our not poſſeſſing it ourſelves, is ſooth'd and ſoften'd by the Contempt we expreſs for thoſe who do poſſeſs it; and we refuſe them our Reſpect, not being able to deprive them of that which procures them the Reſpect of all the World.

56.

To make a Fortune in the World, Men uſe all the Means poſſible to appear to have made it already.

57.

Tho' Men value themſelves on their great Actions, they are not often the Effects of a great Deſign, but the Effects of Chance.

58.

Our Actions ſeem to have their lucky and unlucky Stars, to which is owing a great Part of the Praiſe or Diſpraiſe which is given them.

59. There

59.

There is no Accident ſo unfortunate but the Prudent will make ſome Advantage of it; nor any ſo fortunate that the Imprudent will not turn to their Prejudice.

60.

Fortune turns every Thing to the Advantage of thoſe ſhe favours.

61.

The Happineſs and Unhappineſs of Men depend no leſs on their Humour than on Fortune.

62.

Sincerity is an Openneſs of Heart: 'Tis found in very few People; and that which we ſee commonly is not it, but a ſubtle Diſſimulation to gain the Confidence of others.

63.

Our Averſion to Lying is often an imperceptible Ambition of making our Affirmations conſiderable, and of procuring our Aſſertions to be entertained with a religious Reſpect.

64.

Truth does not ſo much Good in the World as its Appearances do Miſchief.

65.

No Encomiums are thought too great for Prudence, yet it cannot inſure us the leaſt Event.

66.

A Man of Senſe and Ability ought to aſſign to his ſeveral Intereſts their proper Place, and to purſue them in their Order: But this Order our Greedineſs often diſturbs, putting us on running after ſo many Things at once, that, too deſirous of the leſs important, we miſs the more conſiderable.

67.

A good Grace is to the Body what good Senſe is to the Mind.

68.

'Tis hard to define Love: All that can be ſaid of it, is, that in the Soul 'tis a Luſt of Power; in the Spirits 'tis a Sympathy; and in the Body 'tis nothing but a ſecret and delicate Deſire of Enjoyment after a great many Difficulties.

69. If

69.

If there is ſuch a Thing as Love, pure and free from any Mixture of our other Paſſions, 'tis that Love which lies conceal-ed at the Bottom of the Heart, and is not known even to ourſelves.

70.

There is no Diſguiſe which can long con-ceal Love where it is, or feign it where it is not.

71.

There are few People but are aſhamed that they ever loved one another, when they love one another no longer.

72.

To judge of Love by moſt of its Effects, one would think it was more like Hatred than Kindneſs.

73.

There are ſome Women to be found that never had an Intrigue, but rarely any to be found that never had but one.

74.

There is no more than one ſort of Love, but there are a thouſand different Copies of it.

75.

Love can no more than Fire ſubſiſt without a continual Motion; the Minute it ceaſes to hope or fear it ceaſes to live.

76.

'Tis with true Love as with Apparitions; a Thing every Body talks of, but few have ſeen.

77.

Love lends his Name to many a Correſpondence which is attributed to him, in which he has no more Share than the Doge has in what is tranſacted at *Venice*.

78.

The Love of Juſtice in moſt Men is nothing but a Fear of ſuffering by Injuſtice.

79.

Silence is the ſafeſt Courſe for the Man that diſtruſts himſelf.

80. The

80.

The Thing that makes us ſo changeable in our Friendſhips, is, that 'tis difficult to know the Qualities of the Soul, and eaſy to know thoſe of the Underſtanding.

81.

We cannot love any thing but with a regard to ourſelves; and we do but purſue our Inclination and Pleaſure, when we prefer our Friends to ourſelves; yet, 'tis this Preference alone that can make our Friendſhip ſincere and perfect.

82.

Our Reconciliation with our Enemies is nothing but a Deſire of bettering our Condition, a Wearineſs of the State of War, and a Fear of ſome miſchievous Event.

83.

The Thing which Men call Friendſhip is nothing but Partnerſhip, a mutual Regard to their ſeveral Intereſts, and an Exchange of good Offices; it is, in ſhort, nothing but a Traffick, in which Self-love always propoſes to itſelf in ſomething or other to be a Gainer.

84.

'Tis more dishonourable to distrust our Friends than to be deceived by them.

85.

We often fancy that we love the Persons that are greater in Power than ourselves, when it is Interest alone that is the Cause of this Kindness. We devote not ourselves to them for the Good we desire to do them, but for the Good we desire to receive from 'em.

86.

Our own Distrust justifies the Deceit of others.

87.

Men would not live long in Society together, if they were not the Bubbles of one another.

88.

Self-love increases or lessens in our Esteem the good Qualities of our Friends, in proportion to the Satisfaction we take in them: And we judge of their Merit by their manner of living with us.

89. Every

89.

Every Body complains of his Memory, but no body of his Judgment.

90.

In our Converſation in the World, we pleaſe oftener by our Faults than by our good Qualities.

91.

The greateſt Ambition has not the leaſt Appearance of Ambition, when it finds the Thing aſpired to, abſolutely impoſſible to be attained.

92.

To undeceive a Man prepoſſeſt with his own Merit, is to do him as ill an Office as that which was done to the Madman at *Athens*, who fancied all the Ships which arrived in the Harbour were his own.

93.

Old People love to give good Precepts, to comfort themſelves on their being no longer in a Condition to give ill Examples.

94.

Great Titles debaſe, inſtead of heightening the Perſons, who know not how to ſupport them.

95.

A certain Sign of a Man's having an extraordinary Merit, is to ſee thoſe who envy him moſt conſtrained to commend him.

96.

There are ſome ungrateful Perſons who are leſs to be blamed for their Ingratitude than their Benefactors.

97.

'Twas a Miſtake when People made Wit and Judgment to be two different Things: The Judgment is nothing but a greater Degree of Wit, that penetrates into the Bottom of Things, obſerves all that ought to be obſerved, and diſcovers thoſe Things which ſeemed impoſſible to be diſcovered: From whence it muſt be concluded, that it is the greateſt Extent of Wit which produces all the Effects which are attributed to Judgment.

98.

Every Man has Aſſurance enough to boaſt of his Honeſty, but no one has Impudence enough to boaſt of his Underſtanding.

99.

The Politeneſs of the Underſtanding conſiſts in inventing obliging Things with Delicacy.

100. The

100.

The Gallantry of the Underſtanding lies in ſaying inſinuating Things after an agreeable manner.

101.

It often happens, that Things preſent themſelves to our Mind more finiſh'd than the Mind can make them with a great deal of Art.

102.

The Underſtanding is always the Bubble of the Paſſions.

103.

They that are acquainted with the Extent of their Underſtanding, are not always acquainted with the Extent of their Honeſty.

104.

Men and Actions have their point of Sight: There are ſome that muſt be ſeen near to make a right Judgment of them; and others, that are never ſo well to be judged of as when at a Diſtance.

105.

That Man is not a reaſonable Man whom Chance throws upon Reaſon; but he who knows, diſtinguiſhes and taſtes it.

106.

To know Things well, 'tis neceſſary to know the particulars of them; but as thoſe are almoſt infinite, our Knowledge is always ſuperficial and imperfect.

107.

'Tis one ſort of Coquetry to affect to be always exempt from it.

108.

The Underſtanding cannot for any long time act the part of Paſſion.

109.

Young Men change their Inclinations thro' Heat of Blood, and old Men keep theirs thro' Cuſtom.

110.

Men are of nothing ſo liberal as of their Advice.

111.

The more a Man loves a Miſtreſs, the nearer he is to hate her.

112.

The Defects of our Minds increaſe as we grow old, like thoſe of our Faces.

113.

Some Marriages may be advantageous, but none can be delicious.

114.

We are never to be comforted on our being cheated by our Enemies, and betrayed by our Friends; yet are often well enough pleaſed to be both cheated and betrayed by our own ſelves.

115.

'Tis as eaſy to deceive ones ſelf without perceiving it, as 'tis difficult to deceive others without being perceived.

116.

Nothing is leſs ſincere than the manner of aſking and giving Advice: He that aſks it, appears to have a reſpectful Deference for the Opinion of his Friend, tho' all he aims at is gaining an Approbation of his own, and warranting his Conduct by the other's Authority: And he that advites, requites the Confidence repoſed in him with an ardent and diſintereſted Zeal, tho' moſt commonly he has no other End in the Council he gives, than his own Intereſt or Reputation.

117.

The moſt ſubtle ſort of Tricking, is to know well how to feign ourſelves caught in the Snares that are laid for us; and never are we ſo eaſily deceived, as when we are contriving how to deceive others.

118.

Our Intention of never deceiving any body, expoſes us to be often deceived.

119.

We are ſo uſed to appear in Maſquerade to others, that at laſt we appear in Maſquerade to ourſelves.

120.

Men are oftener treacherous out of Weakneſs, than out of any form'd Deſign.

121.

Men often do Good, that they may be able to do Ill with Impunity.

122.

If we are able to reſiſt our Paſſions, 'tis more through their Weakneſs than our Strength.

123. 'Twou'd

123.

'Twou'd be but a little pleaſure which we ſhould have, were we never to flatter ourſelves.

124.

The moſt ſubtle Men affect all their Life-time to condemn Tricking, that they may make uſe of it on ſome great Occaſion, and for ſome important Intereſt.

125.

The common practice of Tricking is the Sign of a little Underſtanding; Tricking being a ſort of a Diſguiſe, by which a Man hides himſelf in one Place, and expoſes himſelf in another.

126.

Tricking and Treachery proceed from nothing but want of Capacity.

127.

The certain Way to be cheated, is to fancy ones ſelf more cunning than others.

128.

Too great Subtlety is a falſe Delicacy, and true Delicacy is real Subtlety.

129.

The Dulneſs of ſome People, is often protection enough to ſecure them from being impoſed on by a Man of Senſe.

130.

Weakneſs of Mind is the only Defect that cannot be amended.

131.

The leaſt Defect in Women who are ſo far abandoned as to make Advances, is to make Advances.

132.

'Tis eaſier to be wiſe for other People than for ourſelves.

133.

The only good Copies, are thoſe which expoſe the Ridiculouſneſs of bad Originals.

134.

Men are never ſo ridiculous for the Qualities they have, as for thoſe they affect to have.

135.

A Man is ſometimes as different from himſelf, as he is from others.

136.

There are ſome People who would never have been in Love, if they had never heard of Love.

137.

When Vanity does not make us talk, we talk but very little.

138.

We chuſe to talk ill of ourſelves, rather than not talk at all of ourſelves.

139. One

139.

One of the Reaſons why we meet with ſo few People who appear reaſonable and agreeable in Converſation, is, that there is hardly any Body who does not think more on what he has a mind to ſay, than how pertinently to anſwer to what is ſaid to him. Even the Men of the beſt Senſe, and moſt complaiſance, content themſelves with only pretending an Attention, at the ſame time that it is obſerveable, their Eyes and Minds are wandering from what is ſaid to them, and they are impatient to return to what they long to ſay; inſtead of conſidering, that this violent purſuing their own Pleaſure, is but an indifferent Way to pleaſe or perſuade others, and that attentively to hear, and properly to reply, are the greateſt Perfections any Man can be Maſter of, to fit him for Converſation.

140.

A Man of Wit would be often at a grievous Loſs, were it not for the Company of Fools.

141.

We often make our Boaſts that we are never out of Humour; and are ſo vain, that we will not think ourſelves bad Company.

142.

As it is the Character of great Wits, to expreſs a great deal in a few Words; ſo little Wits, on the contrary, have the Gift of ſpeaking much and ſaying nothing.

143.

'Tis more from an Eſteem of our own Opinion that we extol the good Qualities of other People, than from an Eſteem of their Merit: And we are deſirous to receive Praiſe, when we ſeem to give it.

144.

No body loves to praiſe another, and never does it without Self-intereſt. Praiſe is an artful, diſguiſed and delicate Flattery, which by different Ways ſatisfies both the Giver and Receiver: One accepts it as the Reward of his Merit; the other gives it to ſhew his Equity and Diſcernment.

145. We

145.

We often chuſe ſuch Praiſes as carry Venom along with them, and which, by a Side-blow, expoſe ſome Defects in the Perſon commended, that we durſt not diſcover after another manner.

146.

We commonly praiſe, only to be praiſed.

147.

Few People are wiſe enough to prefer the Reproof that does them good, to the Praiſe that betrays them.

148.

There are ſome Reproaches which are Praiſes, and ſome Praiſes which are Detractions.

149.

To refuſe Praiſe, is to deſire to be praiſed over again.

150. The

150.

The Deſire of deſerving the Praiſes given us, ſtrengthens our Virtue: And thoſe which are given to our Wit, Valour, or Beauty, contribute to increaſe them.

151.

'Tis more difficult for us to avoid being governed than to govern others.

152.

If we did not flatter ourſelves, the Flattery of others could never hurt us.

153.

Nature gives Merit, and Fortune ſets it at work.

154.

Fortune breaks us of many Faults which Reaſon never could do.

155.

There are ſome People who with Merit are diſguſtful, and others, who with great Defects are agreeable.

156. There

156.

There are ſome People whoſe whole Merit lies in ſaying and doing fooliſh Things advantageouſly, and who would ſpoil all ſhould they alter their Conduct.

157.

The Glory of great Men ought always to be meaſured by the Means they took to acquire it.

158.

Flattery is a falſe Coin, which would have no Currency but for our Vanity.

159.

'Tis not enough for a Man to have great Qualities, he muſt have the good Government of them too.

160.

Let an Action be never ſo glorious, it ought not to paſs for great, when it is not the Effect of a great Deſign.

161. There

161.

There ought to be a certain proportion between our Actions and our Deſigns, if we would reap all the Effects which they are able to produce.

162.

The Art of knowing how to uſe indifferent Qualifications, gains, as it were, by ſtealth, the Eſteem of the World, and often procures a Man more Reputation than real Merit would do.

163.

The Conduct of ſome People in a thouſand Inſtances appears ridiculous, though the ſecret Reaſons for them are very wiſe and very ſolid.

164.

'Tis eaſier to appear worthy of the Employments we have not, than worthy of thoſe we have.

165.

Our Merit gains us the Eſteem of Men of Senſe, and our Stars the Eſteem of the Vulgar.

166. The

166.

The World rewards the Appearances of Merit, oftener than Merit itſelf.

167.

Covetouſneſs is more oppoſite to Oeconomy than Liberality.

168.

Hope, deceitful as it is, ſerves at leaſt to lead us thro' a pleaſant Road to our Lives End.

169.

While Lazineſs and Timorouſneſs reſtrain us within the Bounds of our Duty, our Virtue often runs away with all the Honour of it.

170.

'Tis difficult to judge, whether a clear, open and honourable Proceeding, be the Effect of Probity or Artifice.

171.

Virtues are loſt in Intereſt, as Rivers are loſt in the Sea.

172.

If we well examine the ſeveral Conſequences of our being out of Humour, we ſhall find, that it makes us wanting to more Duties than Intereſt itſelf.

173.

There are ſeveral ſorts of Curioſity: One ſort proceeds from Intereſt, which inclines us to deſire to learn thoſe Things which may be uſeful to us; and the other from Pride, which comes from a Deſire of knowing thoſe Things which other People are ignorant of.

174.

'Tis better to employ the Faculties of our Mind to ſupport the Misfortunes which do happen to us, than to foreſee thoſe which may happen.

175.

Conſtancy in Love is a perpetual Inconſtancy, that cauſes us to fix our Heart ſucceſſively on all the Qualities of the Perſon we love; ſometimes giving Preference to one, ſometimes to another: So that this Conſtancy is nothing but an Inconſtancy

reſtrained and confined to one and the ſame Object.

176.

There are two ſorts of Conſtancy in Love: One proceeds from our finding continually in the Perſon beloved new Motives for our Love; and the other proceeds from our making it a point of Honour to be conſtant.

177.

Perſeverance is neither Praiſe nor Blameworthy, becauſe 'tis only the Continuance of ſome Inclinations, and ſome Sentiments which Men neither give nor take away from themſelves.

178.

What makes us love new Acquaintance, is not ſo much our being weary of the old, or a Pleaſure we take in Change, as a Diſguſt to find ourſelves not ſufficiently admired by thoſe who are too well acquainted with us, and a Hope of being more admired by thoſe who are not acquainted with us ſo well.

179. We

179.

We ſometimes with Levity complain of our Friends, to juſtify before hand our own Levity.

180.

Our Repentance is not ſo much a Remorſe for the Ill which we have done, as a Fear of the Ill which may happen to us.

181.

There is an Inconſtancy which proceeds from the Levity of the Mind, or from its Weakneſs, that cauſes it to receive all the Opinions of other People; and there is another which is more excuſeable, which proceeds from a Diſguſt of Things.

182.

Vices are mixed to compound Virtues, as Poiſons are to compound Medicines: Prudence mingles and tempers them, and makes Uſe of them ſucceſsfully againſt the Maladies of Life.

183.

This muſt be acknowledged to the Honour of Virtue, that the greateſt Misfortunes of Men are thoſe that befal them from their Crimes.

184.

We confeſs our Faults, to repair by our Sincerity the Damage they have done us in the Minds of others.

185.

There are Heroes in Evil as well as in Good.

186.

We deſpiſe not all thoſe who have Vices; but we deſpiſe all thoſe who have no Virtues at all.

187.

The Name of Virtue is as ſerviceable to our Intereſt as any Vice can be.

188.

The Health of the Soul is no more to be depended on than that of the Body; and tho' we appear ſecure from Paſſions, we

we are not in leſs Danger of being hurried away with them, than we are of falling ſick, when we are in perfect Health.

189.

Nature ſeems to have mark'd out to every Man at his Birth, the Bounds of his Virtues and Vices.

190.

It belongs only to great Men to have great Faults.

191.

Vices may be ſaid to wait for us in the courſe of our Lives, like the Hoſts of ſo many Inns, with whom ſucceſſively we are forced to lodge; and I doubt whether Experience would teach us to avoid them, if it was permitted us twice to travel the ſame Road.

192.

When Vices leave us, we flatter ourſelves with the Belief that we leave them.

193.

There are Relapſes in the Diſtempers of the Soul, as in thoſe of the Body: What we take for a Cure, is moſt commonly nothing but an Abatement, or a Change of Diſeaſe.

194.

The Defects of the Soul are like Wounds in the Body: Let what Care ſoever be taken to heal them, the Scar always appears, and they are every Minute in danger of breaking out again.

195.

What prevents us often from giving up ourſelves to one ſingle Vice, is, we have a great many Vices.

196.

We eaſily forget our Faults when they are known only to ourſelves.

197.

There are ſome People of whom we can never believe any Ill, unleſs we ſee it; but there are none in whom we ought to be ſurprized to ſee it.

198. We

198.

We raiſe the Reputation of ſome, to pull down that of others; and ſometimes the Prince of *Conde*, and Mareſchal *de Turenne*, would not be ſo much extolled, if it were not with an Intention of leſſening either one or the other in the Compariſon.

199.

The Deſire of appearing to be a Man of Senſe and Ability, often hinders a Perſon from being ſuch.

200.

Virtue would not go ſo far, if Vanity did not bear her Company.

201.

The Man that fancies he is able to live without all the World, is very much miſtaken; but he that fancies there is no living without him, is miſtaken much more.

202.

The pretended accompliſhed Men, are thoſe who diſguiſe their Defects from others and themſelves: The true accompliſhed Men, are thoſe who perfectly know their own Defects, and confeſs them.

203.

The true accompliſhed Man, is one who values himſelf on nothing.

204.

Womens Coyneſs is only a Dreſs or Paint, which they uſe as an Addition to their Beauty.

205.

Womens Honour is often nothing but a Love for their Eaſe and their Reputation.

206.

A certain Proof of a Man's being truly accompliſhed, is to be willing always to be expoſed to the view of accompliſhed Men.

207.

Folly attends us close in all the several Ages of Life. If some one Man appears wise, 'tis only because his Follies are proportioned to his Age and Fortune.

208.

There are some silly People, who are sensible of their Simplicity, and make a wise Use of it.

209.

The Man who lives without Folly, is not so wise as he fancies.

210.

As we grow old, we grow more foolish and more wise.

211.

There are some Men, like Ballads, in request only for a while.

212.

The Generality of the World never judge of Men, but by their Reputation or by their Fortune.

213. The

213.

The Love of Glory, the Fear of Shame, the Deſign of making a Fortune, the Deſire of rendering Life eaſy and agreeable, and a malicious Humour of pulling down others, are often the Cauſes of that Valour ſo much celebrated among Men.

214.

Valour in private Soldiers is a hazardous Trade they have taken up to get a Livelihood by.

215.

Perfect Courage and compleat Cowardice are two Extremes which Men ſeldom arrive to. The Space that is between them is vaſt, and contains all the other ſorts of Courage; which differs too no leſs from one another than Mens Faces and Humours. There are ſome Men who freely expoſe themſelves at the Beginning of an Action, but abate of their Warmth and are diſheartened if it continues. There are ſome that content themſelves, when they have done what was neceſſary to maintain their Honour to the World, and do little beyond

yond that. 'Tis obſervable, ſome People are not always equally Maſters of their Fears. Others are ſometimes carried away by general Terrors. Others advance to the Charge, becauſe they dare not ſtay at their Poſts. Some, by accuſtoming themſelves to ſmaller Dangers, harden their Courage, and fit themſelves for venturing on greater. Some are brave with a Sword, but fear a Muſket Shot. Others are unconcerned at a Muſket, but afraid of a Sword. All theſe ſeveral ſorts of Courage agree in this, that Night increaſing Fear, and concealing all that is either well or ill done, gives every Body the Liberty of ſparing themſelves. There is ſtill another more general Regard that a Man has for himſelf; for no body you ſee, upon Occaſion, does ſo much as he would be capable of doing, were he ſure to come ſafely off. So 'tis plain, that the Fear of Death conſiderably detracts from our Courage.

216.

Perfect Courage conſiſts in doing that without Witneſſes, which it would be capable of doing before all the World.

217. Intrepidity

217.

Intrepidity is an extraordinary Force of the Soul, that raiſes it above all the Troubles, Diſorders and Emotions, which the Proſpect of great Dangers is able to excite: And it is by this Force of Soul that Heroes keep themſelves ſerene and undiſturbed, and preſerve the free Uſe of their Reaſon in the midſt of the moſt ſurpriſing and amazing Accidents.

218.

Hypocriſy is a Homage that Vice pays to Virtue.

219.

Moſt Men expoſe themſelves in War enough to ſave their Honour, but few are willing always to expoſe themſelves, ſo much as is neceſſary to render the Deſign ſucceſsful; for which they do expoſe themſelves.

220.

Vanity, Shame, and above all, Conſtitution, make up very often the Courage of Men, and the Virtue of Women.

221. Men

221.

Men would not loſe their Lives, yet would fain acquire Glory: Which is the Reaſon, that brave Men ſhew more Dexterity and Wit to avoid Death, than the Men verſed in the Querks of Law do to preſerve their Eſtates.

222.

There are few Perſons but diſcover, upon their firſt declining in Years, where the Failings of their Body and Mind are likely to lye.

223.

'Tis with Gratitude as with Truſt amongſt Tradeſmen; it keeps up Commerce; and we do not pay becauſe it is juſt to diſcharge our Debts, but to engage People the more eaſily to lend us another time.

224.

All thoſe who acquit themſelves of the Duties of Gratitude, cannot, for all that, flatter themſelves that they are grateful.

225.

That which makes the falſe Reckoning in the Acknowledgments which are expected for Favours done, is, becauſe the Pride of the Giver and the Pride of the Receiver cannot agree upon the Value of the Obligation.

226.

To be too haſty to return an Obligation is one ſort of Ingratitude.

227.

Happy People are never to be corrected; they always think they are in the right when Fortune ſupports their ill Conduct.

228.

Pride would never owe, and Self-love would never pay.

229.

The Good we have received from any Perſon, requires that we ſhould pay a Reſpect to the Injuries he does us.

230. Nothing

230.

Nothing is ſo contagious as Example; and we never do any great Good, or any great Miſchief, but it produces the like. We imitate good Actions thro' Emulation, and bad thro' the Malignity of our Nature, which Shame held a Priſoner, but which Example ſets at Liberty.

231.

'Tis a great Folly to ſet up for being wiſe by ones ſelf.

232.

Whatever Pretences we may have for our Afflictions, nothing very often but Intereſt and Vanity are the Cauſes of them.

233.

There are in Afflictions ſeveral ſorts of Hypocriſy. In one ſort, under pretence of grieving for the Loſs of a Perſon who was dear to us, we grieve for ourſelves; we mourn for the Loſs of that good Opinion he had of us; we grieve for the Diminution of our Profit, our Pleaſure, and our Reputation. Thus the Dead have the Honour of thoſe Tears which are ſhed only for the Living. This, I ſay, is a

Species of Hypocriſy, becauſe in theſe ſorts of Afflictions Men impoſe on themſelves. There is another ſort of Hypocriſy which is not ſo innocent, becauſe it impoſes on all the World: 'Tis the Affliction of certain Perſons who aſpire to the Glory of a great and immortal Grief. After that Time, which conſumes all Things, has worn out that Concern, which they really had, they ſtill grow obſtinate in their Tears, Complaints and Sighs: they ſet up for playing a mournful Part, and take Pains, by all their Actions, to perſuade us, that their Sorrow will never end but with their Lives. This diſmal and tireſome Vanity is uſual with ambitious Women: As their Sex has excluded them from all the Ways that lead to Glory, they ſtrive to diſtinguiſh themſelves by ſhewing the Pomp of an Affliction that is not to be comforted. There is yet another kind of Tears, which have but ſhallow Springs, that flow indeed, but are eaſily dried up: There are thoſe that weep to gain the Reputation of being tender: Thoſe that weep that they may be pity'd: Thoſe that weep to be condoled; and thoſe, in ſhort, that weep, to avoid the Scandal of being thought inſenſible.

234. 'Tis

234.

'Tis oftener thro' Pride than thro' any Defect of Underſtanding, that Men with ſo much Obſtinacy oppoſe Opinions generally received: They find the firſt Rank of the right Side taken, and they diſdain the ſecond.

235.

We are eaſily comforted for the Diſgraces of our Friends, when they give us Occaſion of ſignalizing our Tenderneſs for them.

236.

Self love ſeems to be the Bubble of Good Nature, and that it forgets itſelf when we labour for the Advantage of others. Nevertheleſs, 'tis the moſt certain Way to accompliſh its Ends: 'Tis lending at Intereſt under the Pretence of giving: 'Tis, in ſhort, gaining the Affections of all the World after a more ſubtle and delicate manner.

237.

No Man deſerves to be commended for Goodneſs who has not Spirit enough to be wicked: All other Goodneſs is moſt commonly nothing but a Liſtleſneſs and an Impotence of the Will.

238.

'Tis not ſo dangerous to do Ill to the greateſt part of Men, as to do them too much Good.

239.

Nothing flatters our Pride more than the Truſt the Great repoſe in us; becauſe we look on it as the Effect of our Merit, without conſidering, that this Truſt moſt commonly proceeds from their Vanity, or their want of Power to keep a Secret.

240.

We may ſay of Gracefulneſs diſtinguiſhed from Beauty, that it is a Symetry, the Rules of which are unknown to us; and a ſecret Conformity of the Features with one another, and of the Features with the Complexion and Air of the Perſon.

241.

Coquetry is the natural Humour of the Sex; tho' all Women do not practiſe it, becauſe ſome are awed by Fear, and others reſtrained by Reaſon.

242.

We frequently are troubleſome to others, when we think it impoſſible for us ever to be troubleſome.

243.

There are few Things impoſſible in their own Nature; and 'tis for want of Application, rather than of Means, that we are unſucceſsful.

244.

The Perfection of Capacity conſiſts in knowing well the Value of Things.

245.

'Tis a great Point of Capacity to be able to conceal ones Capacity.

246.

That which appears to us to be Generoſity, is nothing often but an Ambition diſguiſed, which deſpiſes little Intereſts to purſue greater.

247.

The Fidelity which appears in the greateſt part of Men, is nothing but an Invention of Self-love, to oblige others to confide in us: 'Tis a Means to ſet us above others, and to make us the Confidents of their moſt important Secrets.

248.

Magnanimity deſpiſes all, in order to obtain all.

249.

There is not leſs Eloquence in the Tone of the Voice, in the Eyes and Air of the Perſon that ſpeaks, than in the Choice of Expreſſions.

250.

True Eloquence conſiſts in ſaying all that ought to be ſaid, and in ſaying no more.

251. There

251.

There are ſome Perſons whoſe Defects become them; and others, who have the Misfortune to diſpleaſe with their good Qualities.

252.

'Tis as common for Men to change their Taſtes, as it is uncommon for them to change their Inclinations.

253.

Intereſt ſets at work all ſorts of Virtues and Vices.

254.

Humility is often nothing but a feigned Submiſſion, which Men make uſe of to engage others to ſubmit to them: 'Tis an Artifice of Pride, which debaſes itſelf on purpoſe to be exalted; and, though it transforms itſelf into a thouſand Shapes, is never better diſguiſed, and more capable of deceiving, than when it conceals itſelf under the Form of Humility.

255.

The Sentiments of the Mind have each of them a certain Tone of Voice, certain Geſtures and Airs, which are proper and peculiar to them: And this Propriety, either well or ill obſerved, agreeable or diſagreeable, is the Thing which makes Perſons pleaſing or diſpleaſing.

256.

The Men of all Profeſſions affect the Air and exterior Appearance of what they would be eſteemed to be; ſo that it may be ſaid, that the World is made up of nothing but Appearances.

257.

Gravity is an Affectation of the Body, put on to conceal the Defects of the Mind.

258.

A good Taſte is the Effect of Judgment more than Wit.

259.

The Pleaſure of Love is loving: and a Man is more happy in the Paſſion he feels, than in that which he gives.

260. Civility,

260.

Civility, is a Deſire of receiving Civility, and of being eſteemed well bred.

261.

The Education we commonly give young People, is a ſecond Self-love, with which we inſpire them.

262.

There is no Paſſion in which Self-love reigns ſo powerfully as in Love; and we are always readier to ſacrifice the Eaſe of thoſe we love, than to part with our own.

263.

What we call Liberality is nothing, moſt commonly, but the Vanity of giving, of which we are fonder than of the Thing we give.

264.

Pity is often a Senſe of our Misfortunes, in the Misfortunes of other Men: 'Tis a wiſe Foreſight of the Diſaſters that may befal us: We relieve others, to engage them to relieve us on the like Occaſions; and the Services which we do them are, properly ſpeaking, ſo many Kindneſſes which we do to ourſelves before-hand.

265. Littleneſs

265.

Littleneſs of Mind is the Cauſe of ſtiffneſs in Opinion; and it is not eaſily that we believe any thing beyond what we ſee.

266.

'Tis a Miſtake to believe that none but the violent Paſſions, ſuch as Ambition and Love, are able to triumph over the other Paſſions. Lazineſs, as languid as it is, often gets the Maſtery of them all; uſurps over all the Deſigns and Actions of Life, and inſenſibly deſtroys and conſumes both Paſſions and Virtues.

267.

A readineſs to believe Ill without due Examination, is the Effect of Pride and Lazineſs. We are willing to find others guilty, and unwilling to give ourſelves the Trouble of examining into their Crimes.

268.

We except againſt ſome Judges in things of the leaſt Concern, yet are willing to have our Reputation and Honour depend on the Judgment of Men who are all againſt

gainſt us, either thro' Jealouſy, Prejudice, or want of Diſcernment: And 'tis only to engage theſe to pronounce Sentence in our Favour, that we expoſe ſo many ſeveral Ways our Eaſe and our Lives.

269.

There are few Men have Underſtanding enough to know all the Ill they do.

270.

The Honour a Man has acquired, is Security for that which he will one Day acquire.

271.

Youth is a continual Drunkenneſs; the Fever of Reaſon.

272.

Nothing ought more to mortify the Men who have deſerved great Applauſe, than the Pains they are ſtill at to make themſelves conſiderable by a great many little Things.

273.

There are Perſons whom the World approves of, whoſe only Merit conſiſts in Vices, that are uſeful and pleaſing to others.

274.

The Charm of Novelty is to Love what the Bloom is upon Fruit; it gives it a Luſtre that is eaſily effaced, and never returns.

275.

Good Nature, which boaſts of being ſo very ſenſible, is often ſtifled by the ſmalleſt Intereſt.

276.

Abſence leſſens moderate Paſſions, but increaſes great ones; like the Wind which blows out Tapers, but kindles Fire.

277.

Women often fancy themſelves in Love, when there is nothing of Love in the Caſe. The Amuſement of an Amour, the Commotions of Mind that an Intrigue gives them, the natural Inclination they have for the Pleaſure of being beloved, and the Pain of refuſing, perſuade them that what they feel is Paſſion, when it is nothing but Coquetry.

278. What

278.

What often makes us diſſatisfied with thoſe that negotiate our Affairs, is, that they almoſt always abandon the Intereſt of their Friends, to advance the Succeſs of their Negotiation; the Intereſt becoming their own, by the Credit they gain in ſucceeding in the Thing they undertook.

279.

When we magnify the Tenderneſs that our Friends have for us, 'tis often not ſo much out of Gratitude, as a Deſire to give others an Opinion of our Merit.

280.

The Approbation we give thoſe that are juſt entering into the World, proceeds often from a ſecret Envy which we bear thoſe who have made a Fortune in it already.

281.

Pride which inſpires us with ſo much Envy, ſerves often to allay it.

282.

There are ſome diſguiſed Falſities which repreſent the Truth ſo well, that it would be wronging our Judgments not to be deceived by them.

283.

'Tis not leſs Prudence ſometimes to know how to uſe good Advice, than to be able to adviſe ones ſelf.

284.

There are ſome bad Men who would be leſs dangerous if they had no Virtue at all.

285.

Magnanimity is ſufficiently defined by its Name; yet it may be ſaid to be the moſt judicious Act of Pride, and the moſt noble Method of acquiring Applauſe.

286.

'Tis impoſſible to love a ſecond time the Thing that we have once truly ceaſed to love.

287.

'Tis not ſo much the Fruitfulneſs of our Invention which ſuggeſts to us many Expedients to effect the ſame Affair, as 'tis the Defect of our Judgment, which makes us pitch upon every Thought that preſents itſelf to our Imagination, and prevents us from diſcerning the beſt at firſt.

288.

There are Affairs and Diſtempers, at certain Junctures, which Remedies render deſperate; and a great deal of Skill is required to know when it is dangerous to apply them.

289.

Affected Simplicity is a finer ſort of Impoſture

290.

There are more Defects in Mens Humours than in their Underſtandings.

291.

Mens Merits have their Seaſons, as well as Fruits.

292.

Mens Humours may be ſaid, like the Generality of Buildings, to have ſeveral Fronts; ſome agreeable, others diſagreeable.

293.

Moderation can never have the Glory of combating with Ambition, and conquering it: for they never meet with one another. Moderation is the Languor and Sloth of the Soul, as Ambition is the Vigour and Activity of it.

294.

We always love thoſe that admire us, but we do not always love thoſe whom we admire.

295.

We are far from knowing all our Deſires.

296.

'Tis hard for us to love thoſe whom we do not Eſteem; but 'tis no leſs hard to love thoſe whom we eſteem much more than ourſelves.

297. The

297.

The Humours of the Body have a conſtant and regular Courſe, by which our Will is imperceptably moved and turned: They take their Circuit, and ſucceſſively exerciſe a ſecret Empire within us; ſo that they have a conſiderable Share in our Actions, without our being able to know it.

298.

The Gratitude of the Generality of Men, is nothing but a ſecret Deſire of obtaining greater Favours.

299.

Every Body, almoſt, takes a Pleaſure to return ſmall Obligations; many are grateful for moderate ones; but there is hardly any Body but is ungrateful for great ones.

300.

There are ſome Follies which are as catching as infectious Diſeaſes.

301.

Many Men deſpiſe Wealth, but few know how to be liberal.

302.

'Tis but in Things of ſmall Concern, commonly, in which we venture to diſbelieve Appearances.

303.

Let Men ſay never ſo much Good of us, they tell us nothing that's new to us.

304.

We often forgive thoſe who in Converſation are tireſome to us, but we cannot forgive thoſe whom we are tireſome to.

305.

Intereſt, which we accuſe of all our Crimes, deſerves often to be commended for our good Actions.

306.

We ſeldom find People ungrateful, as long as we are in a Condition to oblige them.

307. 'Tis

307.

'Tis as commendable in a Man to entertain a good Opinion of himſelf, as 'tis ridiculous to ſhew it.

308.

Moderation has been made a Virtue, with a Deſign to limit the Ambition of great Men, and to comfort the meaner ſort, on the ſmallneſs of their Fortune, and of their Merit.

309.

There are ſome People predeſtined to be Fools, who not only commit Follies by Choice, but who are forced into them even by Fortune herſelf.

310.

There happen ſometimes Accidents in Life, out of which, it is neceſſary for a Man to be a little mad, to extricate himſelf.

311.

If there are ſome People whoſe blind Sides have never been diſcovered, it is becauſe no Man of Senſe has taken the Pains to ſearch for them.

312. The

312.

The Reaſon why Lovers and their Miſtreſſes are never tired with converſing together, is becauſe their Diſcourſe is always of themſelves.

313.

How comes it about that our Memory ſhould ſerve us to retain even the ſmalleſt Circumſtances of the Things that have happened to us; and yet that it ſhould not ſerve us to remember how often we have told them all to the ſame Perſon?

314.

The extreme Pleaſure that we take in talking of ourſelves, ought to make us afraid that we give but little to thoſe that hear us.

315.

That which hinders us commonly from letting our Friends ſee the Bottom of our Hearts, is not ſo much the Diffidence we have of them, as the Diffidence we have of ourſelves.

316.

'Tis not in the Power of a weak Man to be ſincere.

317.

'Tis no great Misfortune to oblige ungrateful People; but it is an intolerable one to be obliged to a brutal Man.

318.

Means may be found to cure Madneſs, but there are none to reform a perverſe Underſtanding.

319.

We cannot long preſerve the Sentiments we ought to have of our Friends and Benefactors, if we allow ourſelves the Liberty to talk often of their Failings.

320.

To praiſe Princes for Virtues which they have not, is a ſecure Way of abuſing them.

321.

We are more inclined to love thoſe that hate us, than thoſe who love us more than we have a mind they ſhould.

322. There

322.

There are none who are afraid to be deſpiſed, but thoſe that are deſpiſable.

323.

Our Wiſdom is no leſs at the Mercy of Fortune than our Wealth.

324.

In Jealouſy there is more Self-love than Love.

325.

We often comfort ourſelves thro' Weakneſs for Misfortunes, under which Reaſon has not Strength enough to comfort us.

326.

A Man's blind Side diſhonours him more than real Diſhonour.

327.

We never confeſs our ſmall Faults, but to make it believed that we have no great ones.

328. Envy

328.

Envy is more irreconcileable than Hatred.

329.

Men ſometimes fancy that they hate Flattery, but they only hate the Manner of it.

330.

We forgive as long as we love.

331.

'Tis more difficult for a Man to be faithful to his Miſtreſs, when he receives Favours from her, than when he is ſcurvily uſed by her.

332.

Women are not ſenſible of all their Coquetry.

333.

Women are never completely ſevere but where they have an Averſion.

334.

Women can more eaſily get the better of their Paſſion than of their Coquetry.

335.

In Love, Deceit goes almoſt always farther than Diſtruſt.

336.

There is a certain ſort of Love, whoſe Exceſs prevents Jealouſy.

337.

'Tis with certain good Qualities as it is with our Senſes: Thoſe that are entirely deprived of them, can neither diſcern nor comprehend them.

338.

When our Hatred is too violent, it ſinks us beneath thoſe we hate.

339.

We are not ſenſible of our good or ill Fortune, but in proportion to our Self-love.

340. Wit

340.

Wit in moſt Women ſerves more to improve their Folly than their Reaſon.

341.

The Fire of Youth is hardly a greater Obſtacle to Salvation, than the Coldneſs and Inſenſibility of Age.

342.

The Character of a Man's native Country is as inherent to his Mind and Temper as the Accent of it is to his Speech.

343.

He that would be a great Man, ought to know how to puſh his Fortune to the utmoſt.

344.

Moſt Men, as well as Plants, have ſecret Virtues, which are diſcover'd by Chance.

345.

There is no regulating the Paſſions and Minds of Women, if the Conſtitution is not conſenting.

346.

Accidents and Occaſions make us known to others, but much more to ourſelves.

347.

We rarely allow any People to have good Senſe but thoſe of our own Opinion.

348.

When we are in Love, we doubt often of the Thing which we believe the moſt.

349.

The greateſt Miracle that Love can work is curing Coquetry.

350.

The Thing that makes us ſo ſevere upon thoſe that put Tricks upon us, is, becauſe they fancy themſelves to have more Wit than we have.

351.

Lovers find it difficult to break off, after they have done loving.

352. We

352.

We are almoſt always tired with thoſe People whom we ought never to be tired with.

353.

A Man of Senſe may love like a mad Man, but never like a Fool.

354.

There are ſome Faults which, being ſet to Advantage, appear more bright than Virtue itſelf.

355.

We often loſe ſome Perſons whom we miſs more than we lament; and others we lament, but miſs very little.

356.

We commonly praiſe no body heartily but thoſe who admire us.

357.

Little Minds are too much diſordered by little Things; great Minds ſee all Things, and are diſordered by none.

358.

Humility is the true Proof of Chriſtian Virtues: Without it we retain all our Faults, and they are only cover'd over with Pride, that conceals them from others, and often from ourſelves.

359.

Infidelity ought to extinguiſh Love, and we ſhould never be jealous when we have Ground to be ſo: There are no Perſons but thoſe that avoid giving us Jealouſy, that are worthy of our being jealous of them.

360.

The leaſt Infidelity to us, diſcredits the Perſon that commits it in our Eſteem, more than the greateſt Infidelity to any Body elſe.

361.

Jealouſy is always born with Love, but does not always die with it.

362.

Moſt Women lament not the Death of their Lovers ſo much becauſe they loved them, as becauſe they would appear worthy of being beloved.

363.

The Violences done to us by others, are often leſs painful than thoſe we do to ourſelves.

364.

We are ſenſible enough that a Man ought not to talk of his Wife; but are not ſenſible enough that he ought ſtill leſs to talk of himſelf.

365.

There are ſome good Qualities, which degenerate into Defects when they are natural; and others, which are never perfect when they are acquired: Thus, for Example, 'tis Reaſon that muſt make us frugal of our Wealth and of our Secrets, and Nature, on the contrary, that muſt give us good Humour and Courage.

366. What

366.

What Diffidence ſoever we have of the Sincerity of thoſe whom we converſe with, we always believe they ſpeak more Truth to us than to any body elſe.

367.

There are few honeſt Women but what are weary of their Profeſſion.

368.

Moſt honeſt Women are hidden Treaſures; only ſecure becauſe they are not ſought after.

369.

The Violences which we uſe to ourſelves to prevent loving, are often more cruel than the Rigours ſhewn us by the Perſon we love.

370.

There are few Cowards who always know the Extent of their Fears.

371.

'Tis almoſt always the Fault of the Man that's in Love, not to be ſenſible when he ceaſes to be loved.

372.

The Generality of young People fancy themſelves to be natural and unaffected, when they are only rough and ill bred.

373.

There are ſome Tears, which after they have impoſed on others, often impoſe on ourſelves.

374.

If a Man fancies he loves his Miſtreſs for her own ſake, he is mightily miſtaken.

475.

The People of moderate Parts commonly condemn every Thing that is beyond their Reach.

376.

Envy is deſtroyed by true Friendſhip, and Coquetry by true Love.

377. The

377.

The greateſt Fault in Penetration is not its falling ſhort, but its going beyond the Mark.

378.

We may give good Counſel, but cannot beſtow good Conduct.

379.

When our Merit declines, our Taſte declines too.

380.

Fortune diſcovers our Virtues and Vices, as Light does Objects.

381.

The Violence which we uſe to preſerve our Fidelity in Love, is little better than Infidelity.

382.

Our Actions are like blank Rhimes, to which every Body applies what Senſe he pleaſes.

383. The

383.

The Fondneſs we have of talking of ourſelves, and of ſhewing our Failings on the Side we would have them ſhewn, makes up a great Part of our Sincerity.

384.

Nothing ought to make us wonder, but that we ſhould be ſtill able to wonder at any Thing.

385.

Men are almoſt equally difficult to be contented, when they are much in Love, or when they are got out of it.

386.

No People are oftener in the Wrong than thoſe who cannot bear being ſo.

387.

A Blockhead has not Stuff enough in him to be good for any Thing.

388.

If Vanity does not quite overturn our Virtues, at leaſt it makes 'em all to totter.

389. The

389.

The Thing that makes other Peoples Vanity inſupportable to us, is, that it ſhocks our own.

390.

We forego our Intereſt with more Eaſe than we do our Taſte,

391.

Fortune never appears ſo blind as ſhe does to thoſe whom ſhe never favours.

392.

We ought to treat Fortune as we do Health; enjoy her when good, bear with her when ſhe's ill, and never apply violent Remedies, unleſs in great Neceſſity.

393.

The Air of a Citizen is ſometimes loſt in a Camp, but never in a Court.

394.

One Man may be more cunning than another, but not more cunning than every body elſe.

395.

We are ſometimes leſs unhappy in being deceived by the Perſon we love, than in being undeceived.

396.

Women are a long time true to their firſt Love, except they happen to have a ſecond.

397.

We have not the Aſſurance to ſay in general, that we have no Failings, and that our Enemies have no good Qualities; but let us deſcend to Particulars, and we are not far from believing ſo.

398.

Of all our Failings, Lazineſs is that which we are moſt eaſily induced to confeſs: We perſuade ourſelves, that it partakes of all the peaceable Virtues, and that, without entirely deſtroying the others, it only ſuſpends the Exerciſe of them.

399.

There is an *Elevation* which is independant of Fortune; 'tis a certain Air which diſtinguiſhes us, and ſeems to deſign us to great Things; 'tis a Value which inſenſibly we ſet upon ourſelves; 'tis by this Quality chiefly that we extort Reſpect from others; and this is it which commonly raiſes us above them more than either Birth, Honours, or Merit itſelf.

400.

There is ſome Merit without *Elevation*, but no *Elevation* without ſome ſort of Merit.

401.

Elevation is to Merit, what Dreſs is to a fine Woman.

402.

The Thing which is leaſt to be met with in Gallantry, is Love.

403. Fortune

403.

Fortune ſometimes makes Uſe of our Failings to advance us; and there are ſome troubleſome People, whoſe Merit would be ill rewarded, if we were not deſirous at any rate to purchaſe their Abſence.

404.

Nature ſeems to have concealed, in the inmoſt Receſſes of our Minds, ſome Talents, and ſome one Ability unknown to us: The Paſſions alone have the Power of bringing theſe to Light, and of furniſhing us ſometimes with more certain and more compleat Deſigns, than any that Art is able to do.

405.

We arrive altogether raw at the ſeveral Stages of Life, and often find at our Arrival at them, that Time itſelf has not been able to teach us Experience.

406.

Coquets take a Pride in being jealous of their Lovers, to conceal the Envy they bear to other Women.

407.

Thoſe that are over-reached by our Artifices, do not appear nigh ſo ridiculous to us as we appear to ourſelves, when we are over-reached by the Artifices of others.

408.

The moſt ſcandalous blind Side of Women advanced in Years, that have been once beautiful, is to forget that they are ſo no longer.

409.

We ſhould often be aſhamed of our brighteſt Actions, if the World could ſee upon what Motives they were performed.

410.

The greateſt Effort of Friendſhip, is not the diſcovering our Failings to a Friend, but the ſhewing him his own.

411.

There are but few Defects which are not more pardonable than the Means that are uſed to conceal them.

412. What

412.

What Shame ſoever we may have deſerved, it is almoſt always in our Power to recover our Reputation.

413.

The Man can never pleaſe long that has but one ſort of Wit.

414.

Mad Men and Fools ſee only by their Humour.

415.

Wit ſometimes gives us a Privilege to play the Fool boldly.

416.

The Vivacity which increaſes with old Age, is not far removed from Madneſs.

417.

In Love, the Party that is firſt cur'd, is always the beſt cur'd.

418.

Young Women that would not appear Coquets, and old Men that would not be ridiculous, ought never to talk of Love as a Thing that concerned them.

419.

We may appear great in an Employment below our Merit; but we often appear little in an Employment too great for us.

420.

In our Afflictions, we often take want of Spirit for Conſtancy of Mind; and we bear them without ſo much as daring to look them in the Face, as poor paſſive Cowards are killed, becauſe they are afraid to defend themſelves.

421.

Confidence furniſhes more to Converſation than Wit.

422.

All the Paſſions cauſe us to commit Faults, but Love to commit the moſt ridiculous ones.

423.

Few People know how to be old.

424.

We value ourſelves on the Defects which are moſt oppoſite to our own; when we are irreſolute, we boaſt of being obſtinate.

425.

Penetration has an Appearance of Divining, which flatters our Vanity more than all the other Qualities of our Mind.

426.

The Charms of a new Acquaintance, and the Influence of an old one, as oppoſite as they are to one another, do equally hinder us from finding out the Failings of our Friends.

427.

The Generality of Friends put us out of Conceit with Friendſhip, and the Generality of devout Perſons put us out of Conceit with Devotion.

428.

We eaſily forgive in our Friends the Faults that have no relation to us.

429.

Women in Love more eaſily forgive great Indiſcretions than ſmall Infidelities.

430.

In old Love, as in old Age, we live to Pain, when we live no longer to Pleaſure.

431.

Nothing hinders a Man ſo much from being unaffected, as the Fondneſs of appearing ſo.

432.

To commend brave Actions with Warmth, is, in ſome meaſure, to give ourſelves a Share in the Merit of them.

433.

The trueſt Sign of a noble Soul, is to be placed by Nature above Envy.

434.

When our Friends have betrayed us, a bare Indifference is only due to their Profeſſions of Friendſhip; but a ſenſible Concern is always due to their Misfortunes.

435.

Fortune and Humour govern the World.

436.

'Tis eaſier to know Mankind in general, than any one Man in particular.

437.

We ought not to judge of the Merit of a Man by his great Qualities, but by the Uſe he knows how to make of them.

438.

There is a certain Gratitude ſo ſenſible, that it not only diſcharges us of the Obligations we have received, but even makes our Friends indebted to us, while we do but pay what we owed them.

439. There

439.

There would be but few Things which we ſhould deſire paſſionately, if we knew perfectly the Nature of the Things we deſired.

440.

The Reaſon why moſt Women are ſo little touched with Friendſhip, is, becauſe Friendſhip is but inſipid to thoſe that have been ſenſible of Love.

441.

In Friendſhip, as in Love, we are often more happy by the Things we do not know, than by thoſe we know.

442.

We endeavour to make ourſelves valued on the Failings which we have no mind to amend.

443.

The moſt violent Paſſions often give us ſome Reſpite, but Vanity never lets us be at quiet.

444. Old

444.

Old Fools are more Fools than young ones.

445.

Vice is not ſo oppoſite to Virtue as Weakneſs.

446.

The Thing that renders the Pains of Shame and Jealouſy ſo ſharp, is, becauſe Vanity can be of no Uſe to us in ſupporting them.

447.

Decency is the leaſt of all Laws, yet the moſt obſerved.

448.

A Man of a good Underſtanding finds it leſs troubleſome to ſubmit to a humourſome Man than to govern him.

449. When

449.

When Fortune ſurprizes us with the Gift of ſome great Poſt, which we were neither advanced to by Degrees, nor prepared for by our Hopes, it is almoſt impoſſible to behave ourſelves well in it, and to appear worthy of it.

450.

Our Pride is often increaſed by the Retrenchments we make from our other Failings.

451.

There are no Fools ſo troubleſome as thoſe that have Wit.

452.

There is no Man who believes himſelf in every Reſpect inferior to the Man of the World, whom he eſteems the moſt.

453.

In great Affairs we ought not with ſo much Application to ſeek Occaſions, as to make our Advantage of thoſe that offer themſelves.

454.

There are few Occaſions in which we ſhould make a bad Bargain, to renounce all the Good that is ſaid of us, on Condition to have no Ill ſaid of us.

455.

As much diſpoſed as the World is to be cenſorious, it oftener ſhews Favour to falſe Merit, than it does Injuſtice to true.

456.

A Man may be a Fool with Wit, but never with Judgment.

457.

We ſhould gain more by letting the World ſee us juſt ſuch as we are, than by ſtriving to appear what we are not.

458.

Our Enemies come nearer the Truth in the Judgments they make of us, than we do in thoſe we make of ourſelves.

459.

There are many Remedies which cure Love, but none are infallible.

460.

We are far from knowing all the Influence our Paſſions have over our Actions.

461.

Old Age is a Tyrant, that forbids on pain of Death all the Pleaſures of Youth.

462.

The ſame Pride which makes us condemn the Faults which we fancy ourſelves to be free from, inclines us to deſpiſe the good Qualities which we have not.

463.

There is often more Pride than Good Nature in our Concern for the Misfortunes of our Enemies; 'tis to make them ſenſible we are above them, that we ſhew them any Marks of Compaſſion.

464.

There is an Exceſs of Happineſs and Miſery, that is beyond our Senſibility.

465.

Innocence is far from finding ſo much Protection as Guilt.

466.

Of all the violent Paſſions, that which is the leaſt unbecoming of Women, is Love.

467.

Vanity makes us do more Things againſt our Inclination than Reaſon.

468.

There are ſome great Talents that are formed by bad Qualities.

469.

We never paſſionately deſire the Thing, which we only deſire from the Dictates of Reaſon.

470.

All our Qualities are uncertain and doubtful, whether good or bad, and lye almoſt all of them at the Mercy of Opportunity.

471.

Women in their firſt Inclinations love the Lover, but in all the reſt they love the Paſſion.

472.

Pride has its Whimſies, as well as the other Paſſions; we are aſhamed to own ourſelves jealous, yet value ourſelves upon having been ſo, and upon being capable of being ſo.

473.

As rare a Thing as true Love is, it is ſtill leſs rare than true Friendſhip.

474.

There are few Women whoſe Merit laſts longer than their Beauty.

475.

The greateſt Part of our Confidences is made up of a Fondneſs of being pity'd, or of being admired.

476.

Our Envy always laſts longer than the Happineſs of thoſe we envy.

477.

The ſame Conſtancy of Mind that ſerves to reſiſt Love, ſerves alſo to make it more violent and laſting; while weak People, who are always hurried with Paſſions, are almoſt never truly poſſeſſed with any.

478.

The Imagination cannot invent ſo many ſeveral Contrarieties as there are naturally in the Heart of every Man.

479.

No Perſons but thoſe who have Conſtancy can have true Sweetneſs of Temper; thoſe who appear to have it, have nothing but a Weakneſs, that is eaſily turned into Sourneſs.

480.

Cowardice is a Fault, for which it is dangerous to reprehend the Perſons whom we would have amend it.

481.

Nothing is more rare than true Good Nature; thoſe even who fancy they have it, have commonly nothing but either Eaſineſs, or Complaiſance.

482.

The Mind, betwixt Lazineſs and Conſtancy, is fixed to what is either eaſy or agreeable to it; this Habit always ſets the Bounds to our Enquiries, and no body ever gave himſelf the Trouble to extend and carry his Mind as far as it could go.

483.

We ſpeak ill of others more from Vanity than Malice.

484.

While the Heart continues ſtill moved by the Remains of a Paſſion, it is more inclinable to receive a new one, than when it is entirely cured.

485. Thoſe

485.

Thoſe that have had great Paſſions, find themſelves perpetually happy and unhappy in being cured of them.

486.

There are ſtill more People free from Intereſt than from Envy.

487.

We have more Lazineſs in our Minds than in our Bodies.

488.

The Quiet or the Diſturbance of our Humour, depends not ſo much on the important Things that happen to us in Life, as on an eaſy or diſagreeable Diſpoſition of the little Things that happen every Day.

489.

As bad as Men are, they dare not appear to be the Enemies of Virtue, and when they reſolve to perſecute it, they pretend to believe it falſe, or lay ſome Crime to its Charge.

490.

We often paſs from Love to Ambition, but rarely return from Ambition to Love.

491.

Extreme Covetouſneſs is almoſt always miſtaken; there is no Paſſion which ſo often miſſes its Aim, or on which the preſent has ſo much Influence, to the Prejudice of the future.

492.

Covetouſneſs often produces contrary Effects; there are a World of People who ſacrifice their whole Eſtates to doubtful and diſtant Hopes; others deſpiſe great Advantages that are future, for a little Profit that is preſent.

493.

Men ſeem to think they have not Defects enough; they increaſe the Number of them, by certain ſingular Qualities that they affect to ſet themſelves off with, and theſe they cultivate with ſo much Care, that at length they become natural Defects, which they no longer have the Power to amend.

494.

The Thing which makes it plain, that Men are more ſenſible of their Failings than we imagine, is this, that they are never in the wrong when we hear them talk of their Conduct: The ſame Self-love which commonly blinds them, enlightens them then, and gives them ſo juſt Views of Things, as makes them ſuppreſs or diſguiſe the ſmalleſt Matters that are liable to be condemned.

495.

Young People who are juſt coming into the World ought to be either baſhful or giddy; a ſolemn and pretending Air turns commonly into Impertinence.

496.

Quarrels would not laſt long, if the Wrong were only on one Side.

497.

It ſignifies nothing to be young, without being beautiful; nor to be beautiful, without being young,

498.

There are ſome Perſons ſo light and trifling, that they are as far from having real Faults as real good Qualities.

499.

A Woman's firſt Intrigue is commonly never reckoned, till ſhe has had a ſecond.

500.

There are ſome Men ſo full of themſelves, that when they are in Love, they entertain themſelves with their own Paſſion, inſtead of the Perſon they make Love to.

501.

Love, as agreeable as it is, pleaſes more by the Ways it takes to ſhew itſelf, than by any Thing in itſelf.

502.

An indifferent Share of Wit with Judgment, is leſs tireſome at long run, than a great deal of Wit with Impertinence.

503.

Jealouſy is the greateſt of all Evils, yet is the leaſt pitied by the Perſons that occaſion it.

504.

In the Adverſity of our beſt Friends, we find ſomething that doth not diſpleaſe us.

505.

After having ſpoken of the Falſity of ſo many ſeeming Virtues, 'tis but reaſonable to ſay ſomething of the Falſity that there is in the Contempt of Death. I mean that Contempt of Death which the Heathens boaſted to derive from their own natural Strength, without the Hope of a better Life. There is a great deal of Difference between ſuffering Death with Conſtancy, and contemning it. The firſt is common enough, but the other I am apt to believe is never ſincere. All that is poſſible to be ſaid, to perſuade us that Death is no Evil, has been written; and ſome of the weakeſt Men, as well as the Heroes, have given a thouſand eminent Examples in Confirmation of this Opinion. Yet after all, I doubt whether any Perſon

of

of good Senſe ever believed it: And the Pains they are at to perſuade others and themſelves, diſcover clearly enough that it is no eaſy Taſk to do it. A Man may have many Reaſons to be diſguſted with Life, but can have no Reaſon to deſpiſe Death: Thoſe even who chuſe a voluntary Death, eſteem it not ſo ſlight a Matter, and are as much ſtartled at it, and decline it as much as others, when it comes upon them in any other Manner than that they have choſen themſelves. The Inequality that is remarkable in the Courage of a World of brave Men, proceeds from this, that Death diſcovers itſelf in different Shapes to them, and appears more preſent to their Imagination at one time than another: So it happens, that after having deſpiſed what they did not know, they are afraid at laſt of what they do know. If we would not believe it the greateſt of all Evils, we muſt never look it in the Face with all its Circumſtances. The wiſeſt and the braveſt Men are thoſe that take the handſomeſt Pretences to avoid the Conſideration of it; for all who know what it is to ſee it, as it really is, find it a horrible Thing. The Neceſſity of dying, made up all the Conſtancy of the Philoſophers; they thought they had beſt go with a good Grace, ſince there was

was no Help for their going; and not being able to eternize their Lives, they omitted nothing to eternize their Reputations, and to ſave from Shipwreck all that could be ſecured. Let us then, to put the beſt Face on the Matter, be contented with not diſcovering to ourſelves all that we think of it, and let us hope for more from our Conſtitution, than from thoſe weak Reaſonings which make us fancy we are able to approach Death with Indifference. The Glory of dying reſolutely, the Hope of being lamented when gone, the Deſire of leaving a fair Reputation behind us, the Aſſurance of being freed from the Miſeries of Life, and of depending no longer on the Caprices of Fortune, are Remedies not to be rejected: But theſe are not to be ſuppoſed infallible. They ſerve to embolden us, as in War, a poor Hedge does often to embolden the Soldiers that are to make their Approaches to a Place, from whence the Enemy is inceſſantly firing: While they are at a Diſtance, they imagine it may be a good Shelter, but when near, they find it but a ſlight Defence. 'Tis flattering ourſelves, to fancy that Death when near, will appear the ſame Thing that we judge it when at a Diſtance, and that our Sentiments, which are but Weakneſs itſelf, ſhould be of ſo hardened

a Temper as to endure, without ſuffering from the Blow, the ſevereſt of all Proofs. Beſides, it is to be but little acquainted with the Effects of Self love, to think that is like to help us to conſider that Thing as a Trifle, which muſt neceſſarily be its Deſtruction; and Reaſon, in which we expect to find ſo much Relief, has not the Power, in this Caſe, to make us believe what we wiſh to find true. 'Tis Reaſon, on the contrary, that oftenеſt betrays us, and which, inſtead of inſpiring us with a Contempt of Death, ſerves to diſcover to us its Terror and Hideouſneſs. All that Reaſon is able to do for us, is to adviſe us to avert our Eyes, and to fix them on ſome other Objects. *Cato* and *Brutus* choſe illuſtrious Deaths. A Lackey, ſome time ago, had ſo little Concern as to dance upon the Scaffold, where he was to be broke on the Wheel. Thus though the Motives be different, they produce often the ſame Effects. So true it is, that what Diſproportion there may be between great Men and the Vulgar, we have ſeen a thouſand times both the one and the other meet Death with the ſame Countenance: But it has been always with this Difference, that in the Contempt of Death which the great Men ſhew, it is the Love

of

of Glory that removes it from their Sight; and in the Vulgar, it is nothing but an Effect of their want of Understanding, that prevents their knowing the greatness of the Evil, and leaves them at Liberty to think of something else.

OF

SELF-LOVE.

SELF-LOVE is the Love of ones ſelf, and of every Thing for the Sake of ones ſelf: It makes Men Idolizers of themſelves, and would make them Tyrants to others, if Fortune furniſhed them with the Means of doing it: It never takes any Reſt but within itſelf, or dwells longer on any other Objects, than Bees do upon Flowers, to extract what may be to its Advantage. Nothing is ſo impetuous as its Deſires, nothing ſo ſecret as its Deſigns, nothing ſo artful as its Conduct: In Agility, it ſurpaſſes all Repreſentation, in transforming itſelf, it exceeds all the Metamorphoſes; and in refining, goes beyond all the Art of Chymiſtry: There is no fathoming the Depth, or piercing thro' the Darkneſs of its Abyſs: Here it is concealed

concealed from the moſt penetrating Eyes, and makes a thouſand inſenſible Turnings and Windings: Here it is often inviſible to itſelf, and conceives and breeds up a vaſt Number of Inclinations and Averſions unknown to itſelf; ſome of which are ſo monſtrous, that when they are brought forth, it does not know them, or cannot be prevailed on to own them: From this Obſcurity, with which it is overcaſt, ariſe the ridiculous Conceits that it has of itſelf: Hence proceed the Errors, Ignorance, the groſs and ſilly Miſtakes it entertains of itſelf: Hence it is, that it fancies thoſe Paſſions dead in itſelf, which are only laid to ſleep; that it imagines it has laid aſide the Deſire of purſuing, when it does but reſt to take Breath; and thinks it has loſt the Appetites, which it has only ſatisfied for the preſent: And yet this Obſcurity, thick as it is, to hide it from itſelf, hinders it not from ſeeing perfectly the Things which are without itſelf; in which it is like our Eyes, which perceive all Things, and are only blind with reſpect to themſelves. Indeed, in its greateſt Concerns and moſt important Affairs, where the Violence of its Deſires ſummons all its Attention, it ſees, and feels, and hears, and imagines, and ſuſpects, and penetrates, and foreſees every Thing ſo well, that a

Man would be tempted to believe that every one of its Paſſions was guided by a ſort of Magick peculiar to it. Nothing is ſo cloſe and ſtrong as its Engagements, which in vain it attempts to break at the ſight of great and threatening Diſaſters. Yet ſometimes it effects that in a little time, and with little Pains, which it could not effect in the courſe of many Years with all its Endeavours: From whence it may probably enough be concluded, that its Deſires are kindled by itſelf, rather than by the Beauty or Merit of its Objects; that its own Palate gives them the Value that inhances them, and the Gloſs that ſets them off; that itſelf is the Thing that it purſues, and its own Humour what it follows, when it follows the Objects that ſute its Humour. 'Tis made up of Contrarieties; it is imperious and ſubmiſſive, ſincere and hypocritical, compaſſionate and cruel, timorous and audacious; it puts on different Inclinations, according to the different Tempers that diſpoſe and devote it ſometimes to Glory, ſometimes to Riches, and ſometimes to Pleaſure. All which too it changes, as our Age, Fortune or Experience change; but as to itſelf, it is indifferent whether it has many, or but one; becauſe it divides itſelf into many, and collects itſelf into one, as its Pleaſure or

Neceſſity

Neceſſity requires. 'Tis inconſtant, not only from the Changes produced by foreign Cauſes, but from a thouſand others, that ſpring from itſelf: 'Tis inconſtant from Inconſtancy, Levity, Love, Wearineſs and Diſguſt: 'Tis whimſical, and may be obſerved ſometimes to labour with the utmoſt Vehemence, and with incredible Pains to obtain thoſe Things that are not only of no Advantage, but are hurtful, which yet purſue it will, meerly becauſe it will: 'Tis fantaſtical, and often ſets all its Application at work about the moſt frivolous Employments; takes Delight in the moſt inſipid Things, and preſerves all its Haughtineſs in the moſt contemptible Circumſtances: It enters into all States and Conditions of Life: It lives in every Place, it lives upon every thing, nay, it lives upon nothing: It makes itſelf eaſy, either with the Enjoyment of Things, or with the Want of them: It takes part with the People that make War upon it, engages in their Deſigns; and, what is wonderful, joins with them in hating itſelf, conſpires its own Deſtruction, and works its own own Ruin: In ſhort, its whole Care is to exiſt, and provided it does but exiſt, is content to be its own Enemy. We ought not, therefore, to be ſurprized to ſee it aſſociating itſelf with the moſt rigid Auſterity,

rity, and entering boldly into League with its Adverſary to deſtroy itſelf, becauſe at the ſame time that it loſes in one Place, it gains in another: When we think it renounces its Pleaſure, it only ſuſpends or changes it; and when it is ſo conquered that we fancy it entirely routed, we find it triumphing in its own Defeat. Behold the true Picture of Self love, the whole Life of which is but one great and long Agitation: The Sea is a very ſenſible Image of it; the Waves of which, in their Flux and Reflux, faithfully expreſs the turbulent Succeſſion of its Thoughts, and the eternal Commotions of its Mind.

MAXIMS.

MAXIMS.

1.

MANY People are desirous to be devout; but no body is desirous to be humble.

2.

The Labour of the Body frees us from the Pains of the Mind; and this is it which makes the Poor happy.

3.

Real Mortifications are those which are not known; Vanity makes the others easy.

4.

Humility is the Altar on which God would have us offer our Sacrifices.

5. There

5.

There are but few Things wanting to make the wiſe Man happy: nothing can make a Fool content; which is the Reaſon why almoſt all Men are miſerable.

6.

We torment ourſelves leſs to become happy, than to make it believed we are ſo.

7.

'Tis eaſier extinguiſhing the firſt Inclination we have, than gratifying all thoſe that come after it.

8.

Wiſdom is to the Soul, what Health is to the Body.

9.

Since the great Men of the World can neither give Health of Body, nor Repoſe of Mind, we conſtantly pay too dear for all the Good they are able to do us.

10.

Before we desire a Thing passionately, it ought to be considered what is the Happiness of the Person that possesses it.

11.

A true Friend is the greatest of all Possessions, yet is that which we least of all are careful to acquire.

12.

Lovers see not the Failings of their Mistresses, till their Enchantment is at an End.

13.

Prudence and Love are not made for one another; for just as Love increases, Prudence decreases.

14.

'Tis sometimes agreeable for a Husband to have his Wife jealous of him; he is sure to hear the Thing talked of that he loves.

15. How

15.

How is the poor Woman to be pitied, that is at once ſtrongly poſſeſſed with Love and Virtue!

16.

The wiſe Man finds his Advantage in not engaging, more than in conquering.

17.

'Tis more neceſſary to ſtudy Men than Books.

18.

Happineſs, or Unhappineſs, commonly go to them who have moſt of the one or the other.

19.

An honeſt Woman is a hidden Treaſure, which he that finds, is in the right not to boaſt of.

20.

When we love too paſſionately, we do not eaſily diſcover when we ceaſe to be beloved.

21.

We never find Fault with ourſelves, but with a Deſign to be commended.

22.

We are almoſt always uneaſy with thoſe that are uneaſy with us.

23.

A Man is never ſo hard put to it to ſpeak well, as when he is aſhamed to be ſilent.

24.

Our Faults are always pardonable, when we have ſo much Power over ourſelves as to confeſs them.

25.

There is nothing more natural, nor more deceitful, than to believe we are beloved.

26.

We take more Pleaſure to ſee the Perſons we have done Good to, than thoſe that have done Good to us.

27.

'Tis harder to dissemble the Sentiments we have, than to feign Sentiments which we have not.

28.

Friendships renewed require more Care to cultivate them, than those that have never been broken.

29.

The Man that is pleased with no body, is more unhappy than the Man with whom no body is pleased.

A TABLE

A

TABLE

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